Methodist Magazine and Review.

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THE TRAGEDY OF MARTINIQUE.*

TOWER-SHAPED CLOUD OVER PELEE.
From "The Tragedy of Martinique." J. B. Lippincott Co. Copyright.

"THE cataclysm of May 8, 1902, by which a mountain, hitherto obscure, was suddenly brought into fame, stands unparalleled in the history of volcanoes for its appalling nature and the conditions which surround its existence." With this pregnant sentence Dr. Heilprin begins his record of the tremendous tragedy of Martinique. This strange phenomenon is unparalleled, too, in the fulness of the record and the sumptuousness of its presentation in the magnificent volume under review—a veritable *edition de luxe,* with its broad pages, its numerous high class illustrations, its graphic description and scientific record of the explosion of Mount Pelee.

Compared with the destruction of St. Pierre in 1902, that of Her-

* "Mont Pelee and the Tragedy of Martinique." A study of the great catastrophe of 1902, with observations and experience in the field. By Angelo Heilprin. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiii-335. Price, $3.00 net.

culaneum and Pompeii in 79, was comparatively insignificant. Much has been published of the exhumation of those buried cities, but what would we not give for a contemporary record like this book of Heilprin's of the catastrophe in the beautiful bay of Naples. The letter of Pliny by its meagreness but accentuates the fulness and

done its work and a sheet of rising flame told that the work was completed. In an instant the whole city was ablaze as if it were a single brazier. The annihilation of so large a number of lives in a very few minutes, not more than from three to five," says our author, "renders impressively appalling the nature of this cataclysm."

RUE VICTOR HUGO, SAINT PIERRE.
From "The Tragedy of Martinique." J. B. Lippincott Co. Copyright.

scientific detail of Dr. Heilprin's magnificent work.

The destruction of St. Pierre, by which thirty thousand human beings were destroyed, was almost instantaneous. A dense cloud issued from the fermenting volcano and swept with dazzling velocity over the city. "In a few moments the fiery messenger of death had

Yet the people of Martinique were not without warning. Days before the catastrophe, the wife of the American consul wrote: "The smell of sulphur is so strong that horses on the street stop and snort, and some of them drop in their harness and die from suffocation. Many of the people are obliged to wear wet handkerchiefs to protect

THE SILENT CITY.
From "The Tragedy of Martinique." J. B. Lippincott Co. Copyright.

them from the strong fumes of sulphur." "The rain of ashes," says the local paper of May 3, "never ceases. The passing of carriages is no longer heard in the streets. The wheels are muffled. The ancient trucks creak languidly on their worn tires."

A facsimile of a page of the last issue of this paper, May 7, the day before the disaster, is of pathetic interest. The editor had been admonishing his readers to pay little heed to the volcano, to regard its work more in the light of a nature study than of something to be feared. The facsimile presents an article on volcanoes minifying the peril. "Why this fright, why preparing for flight?" the writer asks. He continues to the last to prophesy peace when there is no peace, and became himself a victim of his temerity.

On the fatal day, a holiday, the Feast of the Ascension, the cathedral was crowded with worshippers when the calamity swiftly came. A great brown cloud was seen to issue from the side of the volcano, followed immediately by a cloud of vapoury blackness, and in two

minutes it burst upon the doomed city; a flash of blinding intensity parted its coils and St. Pierre was ablaze. The town clock stopped at 7.52 a.m., marking the exact time of one of the "greatest catastrophes in the history of the world." The mountain was thundering and shaking and between the terrifying sounds could be heard the cries of despair and agony from the thousands who were perishing.

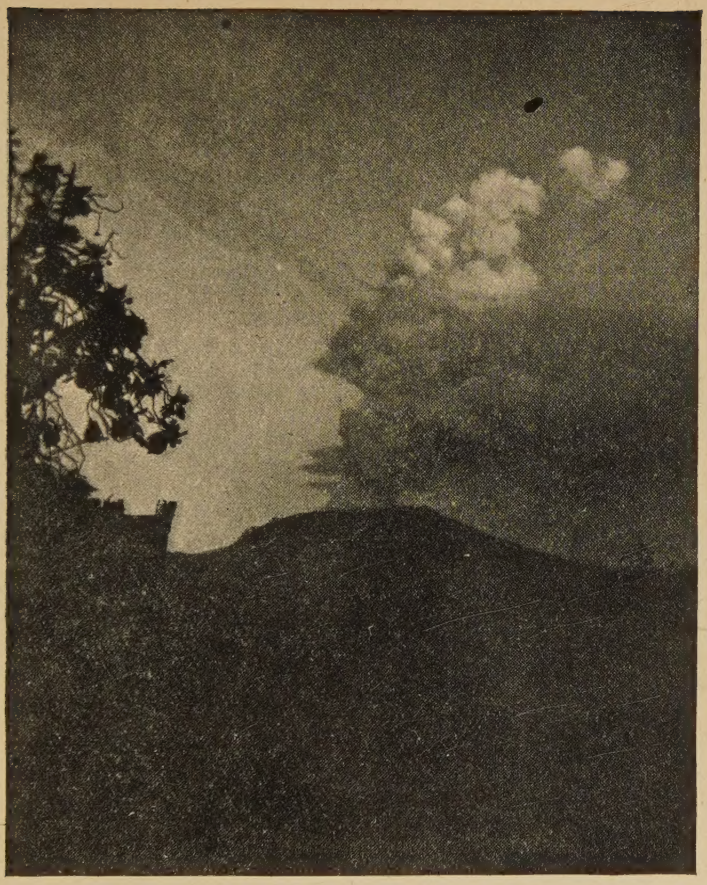
A graphic account is given by M. Parel, the Vicar-General, who survived the disaster. "This date," he says, "should be written in blood. I shall not attempt to depict such scenes, it requires the pen of Dante or the eloquence of a Jeremiah."

One of the most remarkable episodes was the escape of a negro prisoner who lingered three days in his dungeon, enduring almost incredible hardships, and was at last brought from his cell more dead than alive. Professor Heilprin hastened to make a scientific study of the phenomenon. Instead of "a summer isle of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of seas," he found but "a withered piece of the earth that seemed to be just emerging from chaos. An impressive silence, disturbed only by the human scavengers who were prowling about for observation and study, prevailed everywhere; and not even the angry volcano, with its hurling clouds of mud and ash, interfered with the general quiet of the scene. Compared with Pompeii, Saint Pierre appeared ten times more ancient."

The force of the destroying power was stupendous, and wrought a ruin the like of which is paralleled only in the path of a violent tornado. "The most massive machinery was bent, torn and shattered; house-fronts, three and four feet thick, crumbled and were blown out as if constructed only of cards. Iron girders were looped and festooned as if they had been made of rope." Yet such were the caprices of the cataclysm that little cups of china were unbroken, and beside the body of a charred man was found a bunch of matches which had escaped ignition. "The thousands of bodies that lie here have been partly burned, and nearly all are buried—buried by the continuing fall of ashes from the volcano. It is a strange fate that the mountain whose eruption cost the lives of so many should also give to them their natural burial."

Professor Heilprin made as detailed and thorough a scientific exploration as was possible. He climbed to the very summit of Mount Pelee. Mr. Leadbeater, his companion in travel, thus describes their adventures: "We waited about fifteen minutes, hoping it would clear up and enable us to see something. Suddenly there crashed out of the very air above our heads a cannonading so terrific that the mountain seemed to quake and tremble before it. The awful lightning flashes came in sheets and bolts of fire and were blinding rather than illuminating. It rained so hard we could not see ten feet away, and so awed were we by the thunder and lightning, and so oppressed by the hot, sultry atmosphere, that we did not know but that we were being overwhelmed by another eruption. I placed my camera on the ground and lay upon it to keep it dry." The camera, it is needless to say, was soaked.

"Those frightful minutes," he continues, "when I lay on the ground shielding my camera, with the rain descending in perfect floods of water—I never knew it could rain as it did then—with the appalling thunder-charged flashes playing incessantly about me and the very air quivering with the rapidity of



THE EVENING GLOW ON PELEE'S PENNANT.
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the detonations, and but a few feet away the seething, sweltering crater of the most destructive volcano the world has ever seen, will always stand out in my memory as a weird and horrible dream."

Undeterred by these perils they made the next day another visit to the summit. "We were four feet, perhaps less, from a point whence a plummet could be dropped into the seething furnace, witnessing a scene of terrorizing grandeur which can be conceived only by the very few who have observed similar scenes elsewhere. Momentary flashes of light permitted us to see far into the tempest-tossed caldron, but at no time was the floor visible, for over it rolled the vapours that rose out to mountain heights."

The narrative recalls the present editor's experience on Mount Vesuvius. The flowing bed of lava, the swirling clouds of steam, the suffocating sulphurous vapour, and the frightful detonations of the crater, with violent ejections of scoria every few minutes, were something never to be forgotten.

For weeks and months Mount Pelee kept up its bellowings and explosions. A graphic chapter, entitled "Battling with Pelee," de-

scribes a later visit. "I thought on my previous ascent that I had heard something tremendous, but this time it was the old sound multiplied a hundred-fold. No words can describe it. Were it possible to unite all the furnaces of the globe into a single one, and to simultaneously let loose their blasts of steam, it does not seem to me that such a sound could be produced. The mountain fairly quivered under its work, and it was perhaps not wholly discreditable that some of us should have felt anything but comfortable. A whistling bomb flew past us at this time, but it left but a comet's train in our ears, for it could not be seen. We took it at first for a flying bird, but its course was soon followed by another, and then came the dull thud of its explosion in the air.

"When we had reached about three thousand eight hundred feet the fusillade of bombs became overpoweringly strong, and we were obliged to retreat. We were in battle. The clouds had become lighter, and we could at times see the bombs and boulders coursing through the air in parabolic curves and straight lines, driven and shot out as if from a giant catapult. The roar of the volcano was terrific—awful beyond description. It felt as if the very earth were being sawed in two. For the first time since we reached its slopes were we permitted to see its steam column—that furious, swirling mass ahead of us, towering miles above the summit, and sweeping up in curls and festoons of white, yellow and almost black. I estimated the diameter of the column

MUSHROOM-SHAPED CLOUD OVER PELEE.
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as it left the crest of the mountain to be not less than fifteen hundred feet, and its rate of ascent from one and a half to two miles a minute, and considerably greater at the initial moment of every new eruption. We were spattered with mud from head to foot by a great boulder, hardly smaller than a flour-barrel, which fell within ten feet of us, or less."

Professor Heilprin was an eye-witness of the eruption which destroyed the town of Morne Rouge. The pathos and tragedy of the scenes he witnessed beggar description. Instructive chapters are given on the volcanic eruptions at St. Vincent, on the volcanic relations of the Caribbean Basin and on the scientific study of the phenomena of the eruption. The ascensive force of the steam-column was very great, rising, as he estimated, to a height of not less than six or seven miles, but this was far less than the steam-cloud of Krakatoa, which rose nearly nineteen miles. The light ashes of that eruption were diffused throughout the upper strata of the atmosphere for many thousands of miles, and created the remarkably lurid sunsets which were so conspicuous a feature throughout the world for many months. Some of these eruptions, at least, he estimates, were of superheated steam shot out as a violent blast, with possibly a mixture of other gases. There was no flame accompanying these. Even the dry palm thatching was not ignited.

The following is Professor Heilprin's theory as to the causes, or mode of action, of these stupendous phenomena: "The numerous disturbing incidents, whether volcanic or seismic, that have latterly crowded themselves into the history of this zone or region, as, indeed, they had already done two or three times before in a period of a hundred years—together with the unquestionably interrelated manifestations that developed as a part of the synchronic movement, lead one to believe that all of these disturbances have a common origin, whose initiative is to be found in a readjustment of the floor of the Caribbean Basin."

The energy of the volcanic action of Mount Pelee may be inferred from the fact that volcanic ashes fell upon the decks of vessels 660 miles to the eastward of the island and that detonations accompanying some of the eruptions were distinctly heard at a distance of 300 miles.

FOR ME!

Under an eastern sky,
Amid a rabble's cry,
A Man went forth to die—
For me.

Thorn-crowned His blessed head,
Blood-stained His every tread,
Cross-laden on he sped—
For me.

Pierced were His hands and feet,
Three hours o'er Him beat
Fierce rays of noontide heat—
For me.

Thus wert thou made all mine;
Lord, make me wholly thine;
Grant grace and strength divine
To me.

In thought, and word, and deed,
Thy will to do. Oh! lead
My soul, e'en though it bleed—
To Thee.

THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

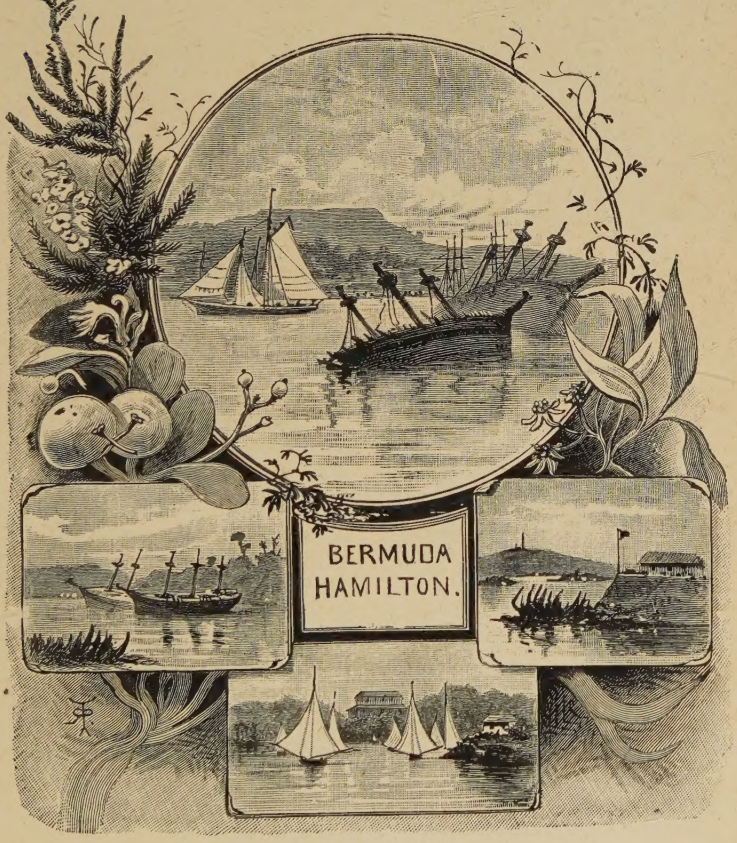
AN EASTER LILY FIELD, BERMUDA.

LYING about seven hundred and thirty miles south-east of Halifax, N.S., is a group of islands whose climate, soil, and picturesque scenery render them especially interesting to us, and yet they are strangely unfamiliar even to most well-informed readers. Speaking our own language, and having the same origin, and recently associated with us in religious fellowship as forming a branch of the Methodist Church of Canada, the people are bound to us by many ties of sympathy and interest.

Within half a week's travel from our own shores it is hardly possible to find so complete a change in government, climate, scenery, and vegetation as Bermuda offers. The voyage may or may not be pleasant, but is sure to be short. The Gulf Stream, which one is obliged to cross, has on many natures a subduing effect, and the sight of land is not generally unwelcome. The delight is intensified by the beauties which are spread out on every hand. The wonderful transparency of the water, the numerous islands, making new pictures at every turn, the shifting lights on the hills, the flowers, which almost hide the houses that peep out here and there from their bowers, make up a scene as rare as it is beautiful. And so, making our way slowly through the labyrinth of islands, a sudden turn brings us into the pretty harbour of Hamilton, which is the capital and principal town of Bermuda.

The arrival of the steamer has been heralded by the customary signal—a flag from the Government

House. The news has been telegraphed all over the islands, and the crowd of people on the wharf indicates the interest which attaches to our advent. The majority

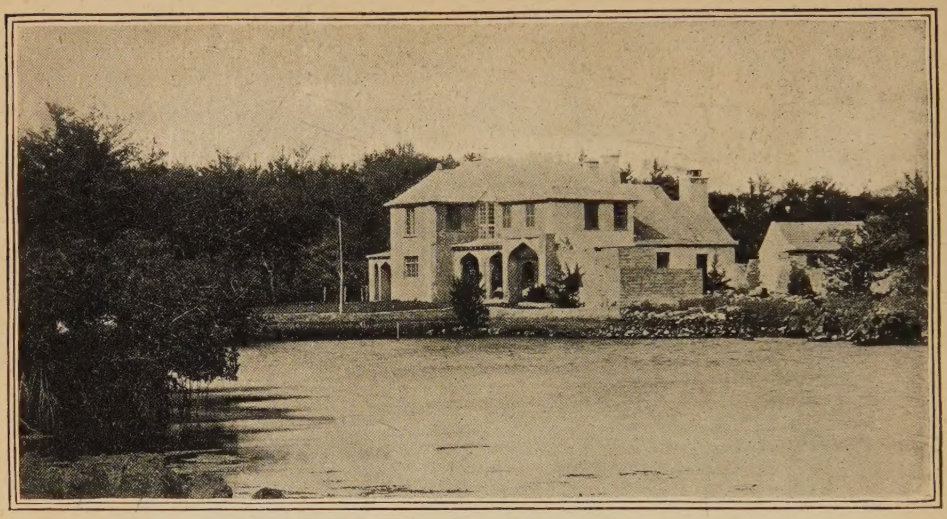


BITS IN BERMUDA.

of those standing there are coloured, with a sprinkling of men well-to-do and English in appearance, while the presence of the British soldier and sailor suggests the fact that this is one of England's military and naval stations.

We are anchored just opposite Front Street, which, we learn, is the principal business street of the town. The pride-of-India trees, offering agreeable shade, border one side of the street, while stores, unpretending in appearance, extend along the other. From the nature of the soil, the streets are almost white, imparting an unpleasant glare. As we land, no hackman vociferates. No man, of any calling, vociferates in this latitude. If we desire a carriage, we send for it; otherwise we walk. The air, free from impurities and laden with the perfumes of the flowers, is delicious: it is a joy to breathe.

The town is small. It is laid out quite regularly, and is interesting for its location and novelty. Glancing at the white roofs, one's



THE POET MOORE'S HOUSE, BERMUDA.

first thought is that there has been a fall of snow, but the thermometer sets him right on that point, and he learns that, in the absence of wells, all the roofs are plastered and kept very clean, that water is conducted thence into tanks, from which it is drawn for use. This is for ordinary dwellings. Where a large supply is required, as about some of the encampments, the rocky slope of a hill is selected, graded, plastered, and that, presenting a larger surface, is used for the purpose. The water is singularly pure, and pleasant to the taste. For the Boer camps large distilling apparatus was installed at great cost.

The houses are rarely more than one story in height. They are almost invariably built entirely of the Bermuda stone—walls, roofs, and chimneys. The stone is of a creamy white colour, and so porous that it seems as if it would crumble in a day. Indeed, it is so soft that it is generally sawed out with a common handsaw. The tiles, which are about two feet long, one foot wide, and from six to eight inches thick, are left for a short time to harden in the sun.

The walls and roofs of all houses are plastered, and this fact, taken in connection with the entire freedom from frost, explains their durability, many of which are in a good state of preservation after standing for a hundred and fifty years. They are usually white, with green Venetian blinds, admitting light and air from beneath.

There are only two towns in Bermuda — Hamilton and St. George's. Most of the people therein are engaged in trade, but there is no excitement about it. Few business men in Hamilton reside in the town, but drive or sail in from homes in the country.

The islands are in the latitude of Charleston, South Carolina, and the nearest point on the continent is Cape Hatteras, five hundred and eighty miles distant. They are of calcareous formation, "due entirely," says Colonel Nelson, "to the action of the wind in blowing up sand made by the disintegration of coral reefs. They present but

A CORAL STONE QUARRY, BERMUDA.

one mass of animal remains in various stages of comminution and disintegration. Nearly every shell now known in the surrounding sea may be found in the rock, quite perfect, except with regard to colour. Along the south shore are sand-hills which illustrate the formation of Bermuda. In one instance a cottage has been submerged, trees to the height of several feet, and the sand has even travelled up a hill one hundred and eighty feet high. Nine miles north of the islands are four needle rocks, apparently the remnants of former islands. They are about ten feet above high-water mark, and vary from four to eight feet in diameter. They are of limestone, and are stratified like the mainland."

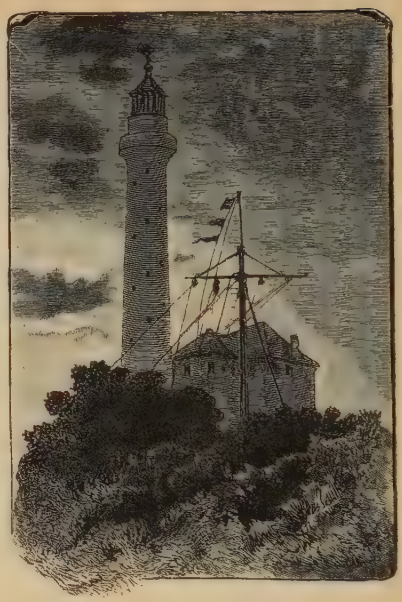
There are in all about one hundred islands, though it is usually stated that there are three times as many. Not more than sixteen or twenty are inhabited, and of these the five largest are St. David's, St. George's, Bermuda proper, Somerset, and Ireland. They are about fifteen miles in length, and the

DISMANTLING WAR-SHIP, BERMUDA.

greatest breadth is about five miles. There are no mountains, no rivers, and so, while they are without magnificence in scenery, in a quiet sort of beauty they are unique.

There are about one hundred and fifty miles of good hard roads, which are generally free from dust. The scenery is exceedingly picturesque, and changes continually. Now you drive through wide stretches of country, and the landscape bears a striking resemblance to that of Canada; then through a narrow road, with high walls of rock on either hand, on the sides of which the maiden-hair fern grows in profusion, and the road is so winding that every new view which bursts suddenly upon you is a surprise; and then there are delightful glimpses of the sea, with its many islands. Walls of stone extend along the roadside, and over them clamber the morning-glory and prickly-pear, and the night-blooming cereus. Great beds of geraniums, which mock our hothouses in their profusion, grow wild. Hedges

FOOT OF GIBBS HILL LIGHTHOUSE.



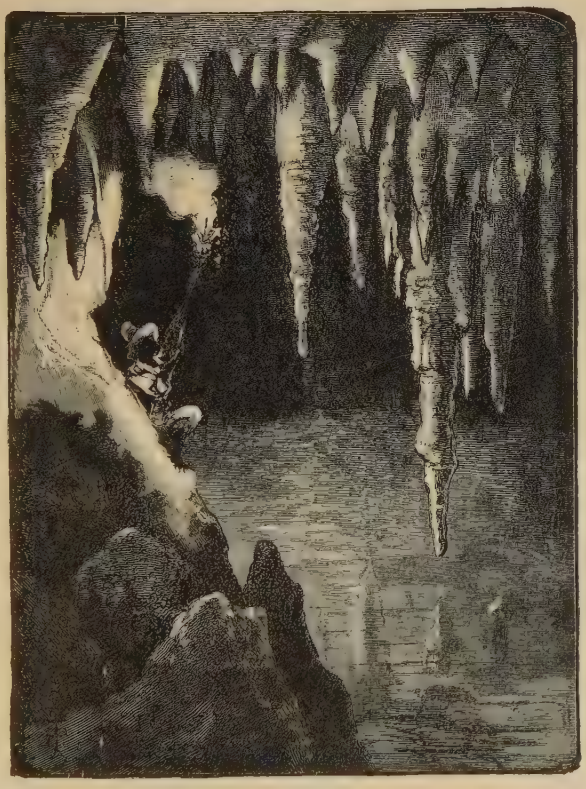
GIBBS HILL LIGHTHOUSE, HAMILTON, BERMUDA.

of oleander line the roads or border cultivated patches of land, protecting them from the high winds which at times sweep over the islands. Thirteen varieties of it are found here, and wherever you go it is one mass of pink and white blossoms. The lantana also grows wild along all the hedges. The passion-flower peeps out from its covert of green leaves, creeping up the branches of tall trees. The profusion of flowers is wonderful. The winter is the regal time for them. About Christmas the roses, magnificent in size, and of great variety, are in all their glory. One gentleman states that he has upward of one hundred and fifty varieties.

The beauty and variety of flowers are fully equalled by the excellence and diversity of fruits. Oranges of superior quality are raised, though their culture is not general. The lemon grows wild. The mango, guava, papaw, pomegranate, fig, arocada pear, all grow

readily, and with due effort would grow abundantly. Apples and pears are raised, but lack the flavour they possess with us. Strawberries ripen from November till July. Grapes grow luxuriantly.

The most common tree is the Bermudian cedar, with which nearly agriculture is in a rather backward state. The most progressive men are now deeply interested in the subject, and strong efforts are being made to induce the people to cultivate something besides the stereotyped onion, potato, tomato, and arrowroot, the last said to be the



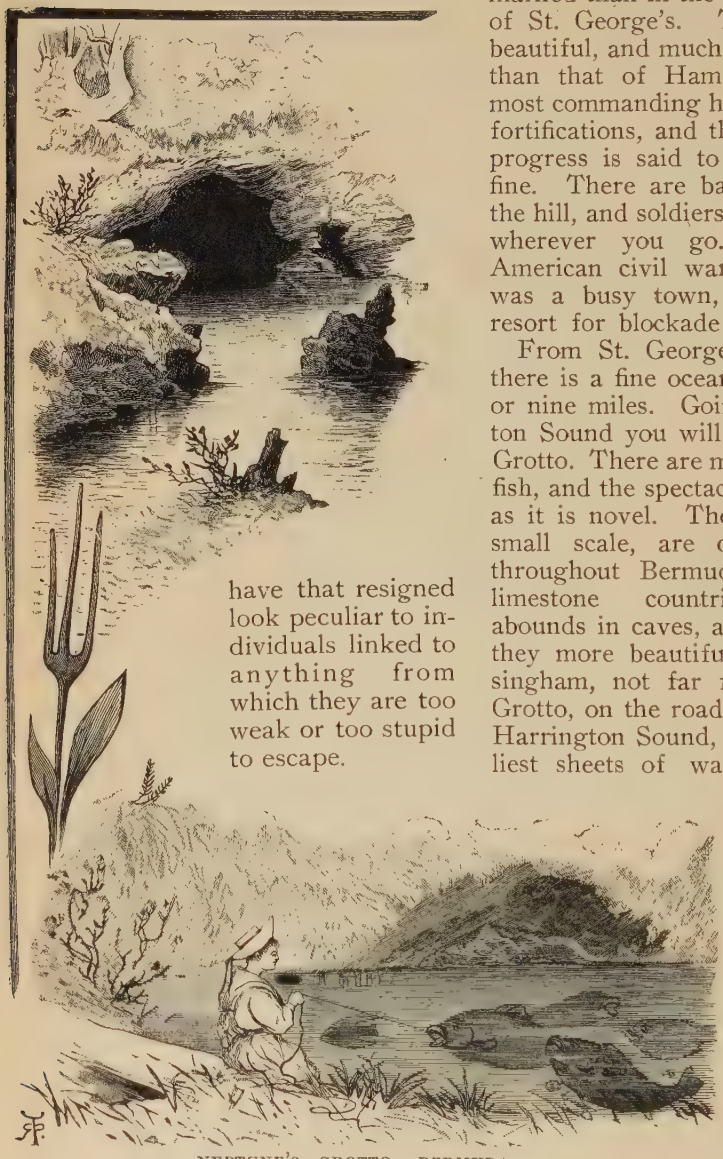
STALACTITES, WALSINGHAM CAVES, BERMUDA.

all the hillsides are wooded. Occasionally one sees the mountain palm, while tamarind, tamarisk, palmetto, cocoa-nut, India-rubber, mahogany, and calabash trees are quite common. In gardens many West Indian trees are found.

Although three crops of vegetables can be raised annually, still best in the world, though the quantity raised is constantly diminishing, as it exhausts the soil, and does not prove as remunerative as some other crops.

Small patches of land are carefully spaded—the plough not being in common use—and from them surprisingly large crops are realized.

The land is quite generally inclosed by the oleander, and to prevent inroads upon it all creatures that feed out-of-doors, from a hen to a cow, are usually tied. The poor things have that resigned look peculiar to individuals linked to anything from which they are too weak or too stupid to escape.



NEPTUNE'S GROTTO, BERMUDA.

In travelling through Bermuda one's thoughts continually revert to Spain. The name of old Juan Bermudez, its discoverer, has been bestowed upon the islands, and it would seem as if his spirit still floats over them, so thoroughly Spanish are the outward characteristics; and in no place is this more marked than in the quaint old town of St. George's. The harbour is beautiful, and much more accessible than that of Hamilton. On its most commanding height are strong fortifications, and the work now in progress is said to be particularly fine. There are barracks all over the hill, and soldiers lounging about wherever you go. During the American civil war St. George's was a busy town, being a great resort for blockade runners.

From St. George's to Hamilton there is a fine ocean drive of eight or nine miles. Going by Harrington Sound you will pass Neptune's Grotto. There are many varieties of fish, and the spectacle is as pleasing as it is novel. These ponds, on a small scale, are quite numerous throughout Bermuda. Like most limestone countries, Bermuda abounds in caves, and nowhere are they more beautiful than in Walsingham, not far from Neptune's Grotto, on the road leading around Harrington Sound, one of the loveliest sheets of water imaginable. The whole region is singularly attractive. Mimic lakes, reflecting the varied hues of the rocks which enclose them, with trees overhanging their banks, teem with fish wonderful in variety and colour, whose motions are the very ideal of grace. By-paths through the tangled wildwood lead one through a wilderness of beauty. Nature has

DOCKYARD AND FLOATING DOCK, BERMUDA.

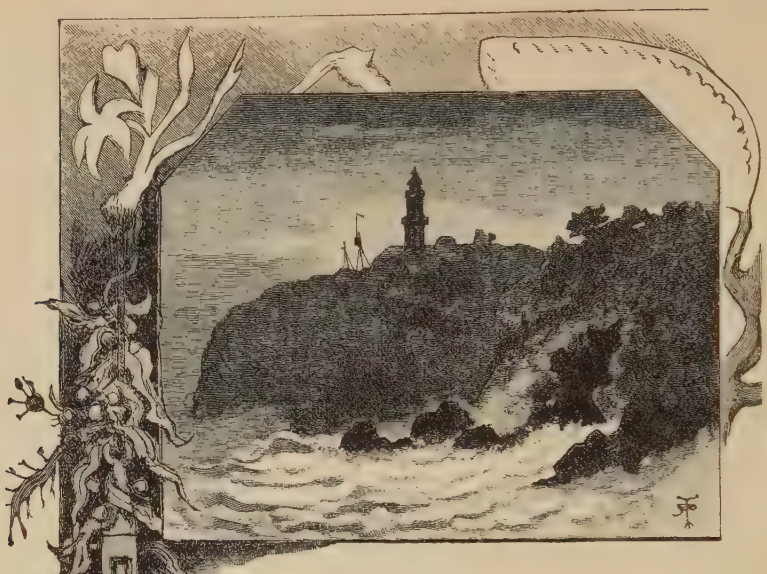
been lavish of her gifts all through this locality.

Over the whole is thrown the charm of poetry, from the fact that it was one of Tom Moore's favourite haunts while living in Bermuda. It is fitting that Nature should have her temples in such a place. Humility is one of the conditions of entrance to them, and so bending low, making a slight descent, we are soon standing in a room from whose arched roof hang large stalactites. Artificial lights bring out each in its full proportions, and one contemplates with wonder this strange architecture, regardless of the ages it has endured. In a second one near by, and which is much more spacious, is a beautiful sheet of water, clear as crystal and of an emerald tint.

Back to the enchanted ground, we lunch under "Moore's calabash-tree," hacked by specimen-hunters, but beautiful still. Here he sat and wrote, and so acquired the poet's right to all this place.

One of the most delightful places in Bermuda to visit is Clarence Hill, the residence of the Admiral, who is supposed to live there three

ST. GEORGE'S HARBOUR, BERMUDA.



ST. DAVID'S LIGHT, BERMUDA.

months each year. The road from Hamilton is a wild one, and full of variety, with most charming combinations of the woods, country, and sea. There are flowers in abundance, which, with the air and views, will enchant for a month or so. A pretty verandah overlooks the water, with its

"Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of seas."

For absolute beauty I know of but one other view in Bermuda comparable with this—that from the summit of St. David's Island. The atmospheric effects are marvellous.

The grounds at Clarence Hill are quite extensive and well kept. The house is plain, but the attractiveness of the place is in its marine views, and in the fact that nature has been left to herself.

A visit should be made to Ireland Island, the site of the dockyard and naval establishment, and one of the four telegraphic signal stations. We land, and encounter at once the British sentinel. The most remarkable object of interest is undoubtedly the floating dock, one of the largest structures of its kind in the world, which was built in England, and was towed across the Atlantic to its present position by five ships. Its length is three hundred and eighty-one feet, and its breadth one hundred and twenty-four feet. The largest and heaviest man-of-war can be docked. It is divided into forty-eight water-tight compartments, which are fitted with valves worked from the upper deck. By placing some four thousand tons of water in the upper chambers its keel can be brought five feet out of water and cleaned—

a process which it has often undergone. You ascend a ladder or steps on the outside, and get a fine view. There is the usual number of machine shops, offices, and magazines, with vast quantities of powder—much more than a quiet little place like Bermuda would seem to require. Places have been tunnelled out here and there and filled with munitions of war.

ST. GEORGE'S LIGHTHOUSE.

If the moon, tide, and party are just right, Fairy Land presents as great a contrast to Ireland Island as can well be imagined. Five or six hours are needed for the expedition. You row into coves, then into what seem to be lakes, so perfectly inclosed is the water; and around islands, where the mangroves, every leaf glistening in the moonlight, throw out their branches in the most welcoming way. All this, and much more, is in store for him who goes to Fairy Land, the enchanted spot of Bermuda.

We sailed one day through the Narrows, and in a short time were anchored on the reef, in about ten or twelve feet of water. Here, the captain had told us, we should see "a farm under water." And his words were true, only what we saw was more like a garden than a farm. Down at the bottom we could see—quite plain with the naked eye, but ever so much better with the water-glass—a lovely garden, where there were sea-fans, purple and green, that spread themselves out from spurs of coral; sea-feathers, whose beautiful purple plumes rose three or four feet high, and waved under the water as trees wave in the wind; curious coral formations, branched like trees, or rounded like balls, or made up into any fantastic form or shape that one might think of, and coloured purple, green, yellow, and gray, besides many-hued plants that looked like mosses, lichens, and vines growing high and low on the coral rocks. All among the nodding branches of the curious sea-plants swam the fish. Some of these were little things, no longer than one's finger, coloured as brilliantly as humming-birds,—blue, yellow, and red,—and there were large blue fish, and great striped fish, with rich bands of black and purple across their backs. Down into this under-water garden we sent the divers to pick for us what we wanted. Whenever we saw a handsome coral, or a graceful sea-feather or sea fan that pleased our fancy, we pointed it out to one of the young fellows, and down he plunged and brought it up to us.

Many people have learned that Bermuda is a pleasant summer resort, and act accordingly. There is almost invariably a good breeze from some quarter, and the nights and mornings are cool and delightful. Sunstroke is unknown.

August and September are the hottest and most disagreeable months, owing to the enervating southerly winds. The mercury seldom rises above eighty-five degrees, or falls below forty, while the average is about seventy degrees.

Slavery, introduced in the early colonial days, was abolished in 1834, Bermuda being the *first* colony to advocate immediate rather than gradual emancipation.* The laws recognized both Indian and negro slavery. There were never the large plantations as in the South, and the institution was undoubtedly of a mild form. The more intelligent learned trades or followed the sea, and many could both read and write.

Since 1685 Bermuda has been a crown colony. The Governor, the highest official in the country, receives his appointment from the crown. His term of office is from five to seven years. From the fact that Bermuda occupies such an important place as a military and naval station, being second only to Malta, it is deemed advisable to fill the office with a man sufficiently conversant with military affairs to command any land forces which may be stationed here. He appoints many civil officers directly, while he nominates others for positions held by the crown. He has the right of veto, and no bill can pass the Assembly without his consent. Hence the office demands a man of varied talent.

The Legislature consists of the House of Assembly and the Council. Bermuda is divided into nine parishes, from each of which four representatives are sent to the Assembly. The Council consists of nine members, nominated by the Governor and appointed by the crown. The blacks have the same civil rights as the whites, yet, we believe, they have never sent a coloured representative to the Assembly, and though they outnumber the whites two to one, there are not one-third as many coloured voters as white.

TO FAIRY LAND.

There are in Bermuda Islands eleven Methodist Churches, with accommodation for 2,220 persons, valued at $58,896, with a debt of only $600. All the churches are very well attended. The general appearance of the congregation is not unlike that of a Canadian country audience, with faces a trifle less care-worn. The preaching is peculiarly simple, with no

* Upper Canada preceded in voting gradual Emancipation in 1792.

suggestion of sensationalism in it. People enter into the services with spirit and evident satisfaction.

A stranger would be impressed at once with the marked courtesy of the people. From the lowest to the highest one will receive the most polite attention. A simplicity almost Arcadian characterizes their manners, especially those of the women. Many who have led very circumscribed lives, who have never been away from Bermuda, possess an ease and grace which would do credit to *habitues* of society, arising apparently from perfect faith in others, and an earnest desire to add to their pleasure in every possible way.

They are a comfortable, well-to-do set of people, with here and there a family possessing ample means. As in England, property, especially real estate, remains in the same family for a long period. There is very little real suffering from poverty.

The coloured people deserve some notice, forming, as they do, a large majority of the population. The importation of negroes from Africa ceased long before the abolition of slavery, which may account for the improved type of physiognomy one encounters here. The faces of some are fine, and many of the women are really good-looking. They are polite, about as well dressed as anybody, attend all the churches and are members thereof, are more interested in schools than the poor whites, and a very large proportion of them can both read and write. They have their own secret and benevolent societies.

LEAVING BERMUDA.

AN EASTER FLOWER GIFT.

O dearest bloom the seasons know,
Flowers of the Resurrection blow,
  Our hope and faith restore;
And through the bitterness of death,
And loss and sorrow, breathe a breath
  Of life for evermore!

The thought of Love Immortal blends
With fond remembrances of friends;
  In you, O sacred flowers,
By human love made doubly sweet,
The heavenly and the earthly meet,
  The heart of Christ and ours!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE BEGINNINGS OF METHODISM.

BY THE EDITOR.

METHODISM is in a very special sense the child of Providence. It is a happy feature in its history that it was not cradled in conflict, but was born of a religious revival. The origin of the Reformed Churches in Bohemia, in Germany, in Switzerland, in France, in the Low Countries, in Scotland, was amid the throes of civil war. This gave a degree of hardness to certain aspects of religion and left a heritage of bitter memories. While it developed much of moral heroism, it also developed much of the sterner side of our nature, and sometimes evoked vindictive passions. No one can be familiar with the stirring tale of the conflict between Romanism and Protestantism, and of the strifes between different sections of the Reformed religion, without seeing and lamenting that often reproach was brought upon the cause of Christ by the passionate zeal and lack of charity of Christian men. Persecution upon one side sometimes led to persecution on the other. Even the valour and fidelity of such heroes as Ziska and Gustavus Adolphus, of William the Silent and Admiral Coligny, of Cromwell and Knox, of Zwingle and of Duke Maurice of Saxony, were not unmarred by elements of human harshness and infirmity.

But, in the providence of God, Methodism had a milder and a happier development. Not that it was without persecution and suffering. It had enough of both to develop the grandest heroism, the most intrepid fortitude, and the noblest endurance even unto death. Yet it never appealed to the sword. Like the great founder of Christianity, it turned its cheek to the smiter; it suffered with a quietness of spirit the very tyranny and rage of its foes. No tinge of iconoclastic zeal or of retaliating sternness mars the saintly character of the Wesleys and their fellow-helpers. Their spirit was that of St. John, breathing the benedictions of love. The motto of John Wesley was typical of his life and ministry: "With charity to all, with malice to none."

Methodism was first of all a revival of pure religion in the hearts of a group of earnest young students of Oxford University. They had no wish to create a new sect or to make war upon the Church they loved. They sought its spiritual awakening and reformation. They preached from the parish pulpits, and when thrust from the Church of their fathers they preached on their fathers' graves, on the village common, in the market-place and by the wayside.

Methodism was not the result of political exigencies or of ecclesiastical councils. It was not framed by kings or potentates, by bishops or priests. Like its blessed Lord, it was born in lowliness, and grew in favour with God and with man. Many different types of character were among the agents whom God used in its development,—the lofty and the lowly, the gentle and the simple, the learned and the illiterate, the rich and the poor. Among its founders were some of the most

scholarly Fellows of Oxford. Among its faithful preachers were also "unlearned and ignorant men"—as the world measures learning. There were such men as John Nelson, the Yorkshire mason; as Silas Told, the converted sailor; as Samuel Bradburn, the shoemaker's apprentice; as John Hunt, the rustic ploughman; as Peter Mackenzie, the shepherd and collier. From the lowly walks of life came many of the boldest soldiers of this new crusade—men who, like the herdsman of Tekoa, came from following the oxen and the plough; men from the smithy and the loom; husbandmen and fishermen like the first disciples of our Lord; men from the mine and from the moor. Yet were there also those of wealth and noble rank, as Lord Dartmouth, Lord St. John, Mary Bosanquet, and the Countess of Huntingdon, and others in high places who, like the Magi, laid their wealth and titles at the feet of Jesus.

But, for the most part, this great revival came with its revelation of love to the souls of the poor. The common people heard it gladly. To the great heart of suffering humanity,—burdened with its sorrows and its sins, with its sordid cares as to what it should eat, and what it should drink, and wherewithal it should be clothed; with its immortal hunger which the husks of this world could not satisfy; with its divine thirst that the broken cisterns of earthly pleasure could not appease,—came the emancipating message of salvation, came the bread of heaven and the water of life. "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."

Among the great events of the eighteenth century, Mr. Lecky recognizes as pre eminent the great religious revival of which the Wesleys and Whitefield were, under God, the chief instruments.

Lord Macaulay, Lord Mahon, Isaac Taylor, Robert Southey, and other able writers, have also recognized this agency, but none so fully as Mr. Lecky.*

That religious revival, which proved the great moral antiseptic to the social corruptions of England, he treats in one hundred and thirty closely-printed pages.

"Although the career," he says, "of the elder Pitt, and the splendid victories by land and sea that were won under his ministry, form unquestionably the most dazzling episodes in the reign of George II., they must yield, I think, to that religious revolution which shortly before had begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and of Whitefield."

Referring to that memorable evening when, while listening to Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans in the little Moravian assembly, Wesley felt his heart "strangely warmed," and received the assurance of the forgiveness of sins, Lecky remarks:

"It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the scene which took place in that humble meeting in Aldersgate Street forms an epoch in English history. The conviction which then flashed upon one of the most powerful and active intellects in England is the true source of English Methodism."

We shall here make some copious

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* "A History of England in the Eighteenth Century." By William Edward Hartpool Lecky. 8 vols., crown 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. $2.25 per vol., or $18.00 the set.

A book without an index is like a knife without a handle. That is not the case with this history. An ample index of one hundred pages enables one at once to follow any subject through the whole eight volumes.

quotations from Mr. Lecky's History, in illustration of his insight into the spirit of Methodism, and of his recognition of its potent influence on the destiny of the English nation and of the world.

"The secret of the success of Methodism," says Mr. Lecky, "was that it satisfied some of the strongest and most enduring wants of our nature, which found no gratification in the popular theology, and revived a large class of religious doctrines which had been long almost wholly neglected. The evangelical movement, which directly or indirectly originated with Wesley, produced a general revival of religious feeling, which has incalculably increased the efficiency of almost every religious body in the community, while at the same time it has seriously affected party politics."

"The chief and blessed triumphs of Methodism were the consolation it gave to men in the first agonies of bereavement, its support in the extremes of pain and sickness, and, above all, its stay in the hour of death. The doctrine of justification by faith which directs the wandering mind from all painful and perplexing retrospect, concentrates the imagination on one Sacred Figure, and persuades the sinner that the sins of a life have in a moment been effaced, has enabled thousands to encounter death with perfect calm, or even with vivid joy, and has consoled innumerable mourners at a time when all the commonplaces of philosophy would appear the idlest of sounds.

"This doctrine had fallen almost wholly into abeyance in England and had scarcely any place among realized convictions, when it was revived by the evangelical party. It is impossible to say how largely it has contributed to mitigate some of the most acute forms of human misery. 'The world,' writes Wesley, 'may not like our Methodists and evangelical people, but the world cannot deny that they die well.'"

To a brief examination of the political and social condition of England in the eighteenth century, and the influence of Methodism in saving the nation, we will devote a few pages. The second half of that century was a period of peculiar importance in the history of England and of Europe. The good king who, through two long generations, continued to sway the sceptre over the British Empire, was on the throne. For the first time since the restoration of Charles II. the nation was unanimous in loyalty to its sovereign.

In 1763 the war, wide-wasting, which had blazed around the world, gave place to the blessed calm of peace. But this peaceful calm was not long to endure. Already were gathering the clouds from which flashed forth again the lightnings of war. Britain was to lose, by the revolt of the American colonies, more than she had gained in those she wrested from the French.

Amid these absorbing public interests was planted in the United States and Canada the feeble germ of Methodism which to-day shakes like Lebanon, and covers the whole land with its shadow. Unnoticed among the great events which were then convulsing the world, it was, nevertheless, greater than them all in its hallowed influence on the souls of men.

It is difficult to get a clear conception of the conditions amid which Methodism won its earliest triumphs. We may best succeed by comparing them with the conditions of to-day. The contrast between the tinder box and tallow dip of the last century and the lucifer match and electric light—between the lumbering coach or carrier's cart and the express train and electric trolley—is typical of much moral as well as material progress.

The wonderful invention of Watt, the greatest of the eighteenth century, has more than realized the wildest legends of Aladdin's lamp and the magician's ring. Applied to the printing press, it has given wings to knowledge wherewith it may fly to the ends of the earth. To it Manchester and Leeds owe their enormous manufacture of textile fabrics. To it Sheffield and

Birmingham are indebted for the fame of their cutlery among the Indians on the Peace River and the negroes on the Senegal. To it the ports of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow owe their vast docks, crowded with shipping from all quarters of the globe, and their huge warehouses, filled with the treasures of the Orient and the Occident. England, by means of its magnificent railway system, has become but a suburb, as it were, of its great metropolis. A journey to Land's End or to John o' Groat's House a hundred years ago was as difficult as one to St. Petersburg or to Constantinople is now.

Clive's great Indian victory was unknown at the Company's office, in Threadneedle Street, for many months after it was achieved. To-day an irruption of the hill tribes of Cashgar, or a revolt of the Mahrattas, throbs along the electric nerve over thousands of miles of land and under thousands of miles of sea, and thrills the auditory nerve of the world from Calcutta to Vancouver. The people of Shetland were found praying for George III. when his successor had been a year on the throne. To-day the King's speech is hawked about the streets of Montreal and Chicago on the very day it wakes the applause of St. Stephen's Palace. We are disappointed if last evening's news from Bucharest and Vienna, from Paris and Berlin, with yesterday's quotations from the Bourse of Frankfort and Hamburg, and the exchanges of Chicago and New York, are not served with the coffee and toast at breakfast.

A century ago books and newspapers were the luxury of the few; they are now the necessity of all. Every department of literature has been wonderfully popularized. For this reason, with many others equally beneficial, the world is greatly indebted to Methodism. No man of his age did more than John Wesley to give a cheap literature, that characteristic of our times, to the people. He wrote himself one hundred and eighty-one different works, two-thirds of which sold for less than a shilling each. They comprised histories, dictionaries, grammars of several languages, editions of the classics, and the like. He established the first religious magazine in England. His manly independence hastened the abolition of the literary patronage of titled know-nothings, and of obsequious dedications to the great. He appealed directly to the patronage of the people, and found *them* more munificent than Augustus or Mæcenas, than Leo X. or Lorenzo the Magnificent. He anticipated Raikes by several years in the establishment of Sunday-schools. The Tract Society, and the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, but carried out more fully plans of usefulness which he had inaugurated.

In imitation of the Moravian Brethren, he also actively promoted the cause of Christian missions. But these were only the germs of those magnificent enterprises which, in our time, have brought forth such glorious fruit. The past century may be characterized as especially the age of missions. Never since the days of the apostles have men exhibited such tireless energy, such quenchless zeal in going forth to preach the Gospel to every creature. The miracle of Pentecost seems to be repeated, as by means of the various Bible Societies, men of every land can read in their own tongue, wherein they were born, the unsearchable riches of Christ.

The condition of public and private morals during the early part of the century was deplorable. The veteran premier, Walpole, unblushingly asserted the doctrine that every man has his price; and his

conduct was conformable to his theory. Borough-mongering was openly practised, and places at Court and in the Church, in the army and navy, were shamelessly bought and sold. It was by no means uncommon to find ensigns in the cradle, who grew to be colonels in their teens. "Carry the major his pap," was a by-word. It was not even thought necessary to proceed by gradation. Edward Waverley joined his regiment in command of a troop, "the intermediate steps being overleapt with great facility." Charles Phillips states that one of Provost Hutchinson's daughters was gazetted as a major of a cavalry regiment.

Few things are more painful to contemplate than the moral obtuseness of the Court of the early Georges. From the King to the lackey there seems to have been an almost entire absence of moral sense. The card table was the main resource from *ennui.* Faded dowagers sat late into the night playing the magic cards. The Newmarket races were the haunt of profligacy and dissipation. So also were the favourite resorts of Bath and Tunbridge Wells. Immense sums were lost and won in bets. The fashionable literature to be found in fine ladies' *boudoirs* was such as few now care to acknowledge having read. Intemperance was a prevailing vice. No class was free from its contamination; the ermine of the judge and the cassock of the priest were alike polluted by the degrading practice. The dissipation of the lower classes was almost incredible. Smollett tells us that over the spirit-vaults in the streets of London might frequently be seen the inscription: "Drunk for a penny; dead drunk for twopence; straw (to sober off on) for nothing."

Profane swearing was awfully prevalent. The judge swore upon the bench, the lawyer swore in addressing the jury, the fine lady swore over her cards, and it is even said that those who wore the surplice swore over their wine. "The nation was clothed with cursing as with a garment." The profligacy of the soldiers and sailors was proverbial; the barrack-room and ship's forecastle were scenes of grossest vice, for which the cruel floggings inflicted were an inefficient restraint. Robbers waylaid the traveller on Hounslow Heath, and footpads assailed him in the streets of London. The highways, even in the metropolis, were execrable, consisting of large round stones imbedded in a stratum of mud. Sedan chairs were the ordinary means of conveyance in the city. Goods were carried through the country on trains of packhorses, or in waggons with enormous tires, from six to sixteen inches wide, and, unless accompanied by an escort, were frequently plundered.

In the northern part of the island, rieving, raiding, and harrying cattle still often occurred. On the southwestern coast, before the Methodist revival, wrecking—that is, enticing ships upon the rocks by the exhibition of false signals—was a constant occurrence, and was frequently followed by the murder of the shipwrecked mariners. Although the mining population of the kingdom was greatly benefited by the labours of the Wesleys and their coadjutors, still their condition was deplorable. Many were in a condition of grossest ignorance, their homes wretched hovels, their labour excessive and far more dangerous than now, their amusements brutalizing in their tendency. Even women and children underwent the drudgery of the mine. For no class of society has Methodism done more than for these.

The introduction of gas has

greatly restricted midnight crime in the cities. In the days of the Wesleys they were miserably dark, lit only by oil lamps hung across the streets. Link-boys offered to escort the traveller with torches. Riotous city "Mohocks" perambulated the streets at midnight, roaring drunken songs, assaulting belated passengers, and beating drowsy watchmen, who went their rounds with a "lanthorn" and duly announced the hour of the night—unless when they themselves were asleep. Bear and badger baiting was a favourite amusement, as were also pugilistic encounters. Even women, forgetting their natural pitifulness and modesty, fought half-naked in the ring.

One of the greatest evils of the time was the condition of the laws affecting marriage. Prior to 1754 a marriage could be celebrated by a priest in orders at any time or place, without notice, consent of parents, or record of any kind. Such marriages fell into the hands of needy and disreputable clergymen, who were always to be found in or about the Fleet Prison, where they were or had been confined for debt. It was proved before Parliament that there had been 2,954 Fleet marriages in four months. One of these Fleet parsons married one hundred and seventy-three couples in a single day.

The scandal reached its worst in the seaports when a fleet arrived, and the sailors were married, says Lecky, in platoons. There was a story that once, when from fifty to a hundred couples were arranged for the ceremony at a chapel at Portsmouth, some confusion took place, and several of them got hold of the wrong hands. "Never mind," said the parson, "you are all of you married to some one, and you must sort yourselves afterwards."

The state of religion previous to the Wesleyan revival was deplorable. Even of professed theologians, but few were faithful to their sacred trust, and these bemoaned, with a feeling akin to that of Nehemiah and the exiled Jews, that the house of the Lord was laid waste. One of these, the venerable Leighton, of pious memory, in pathetic terms laments over the national Church as "a fair carcase without spirit." A sneering skepticism pervaded the writings of Bolingbroke and Hobbes, of Hume and Gibbon. The principles of French philosophy were affecting English thought. In the universities a mediæval scholasticism prevailed. Even the candidates for holy orders were ignorant of the Gospels. A hireling priesthood often dispensed the ordinances of the Church, attaching more importance to mere forms than to the spirit of the Gospel—to the wearing of a surplice than to the adorning of the inner man. Some of them were more at home at the races, at a cock-pit, at a hunting or a drinking party, than in their study or their closet. It must not, however, be supposed that there were no redeeming features to this dark picture. The names of Butler, Lowth, Watts and Doddridge would cast a lustre over any age.

The penal code of England in the eighteenth century was of savage ferocity. Its laws, like those of Draco, were written in blood. The death penalty was inflicted not only for murder, but also for treason, forgery, theft, and smuggling; and it was often inflicted with aggravated terrors. Among the causes of the increase of robbers, Fielding lays much stress on the frequency of executions, their publicity, and their habitual association in the popular mind with notions of pride and vanity, instead of guilt, degradation or shame.

The turnkeys of Newgate were

said to have made £200 by showing Jack Sheppard. Dr. Dodd was exhibited for two hours in the press-room at a shilling a head before he was led to the gallows. The criminal sentenced to death was encouraged and aided to put a brave face on the matter, and act on the maxim, *Carpe Diem*—"Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Boys under twelve were hanged for participation in the Gordon riots of 1780. Mentioning the circumstance to Rogers, Mr. Grenville rather naively added: "I never in my life saw boys cry so." "When Blackstone wrote," says Mr. Lecky, "there were no less than 160 offences in England punishable with death, and it was a very ordinary occurrence for ten or twelve culprits to be hung on a single occasion, for forty or fifty to be condemned at a single assize."

Suicides were thrown into dishonoured wayside graves, transfixed with stakes and crushed with stones. The pillory and stocks still stood on the village green. Flogging was publicly inflicted by the beadle of the parish. The number of executions was enormous. In 1785, in London alone, it was ninety-seven. After a jail-delivery at Newgate, scores of miserable wretches were dragged on hurdles to Tyburn, amid the shouts and jeers of a ribald mob, who either mocked the mortal agonies of the culprits, or exhorted their favourites to "die game," as the phrase was.

So far were those exhibitions from deterring vice, they actually promoted it. Mountebanks, gamblers and jugglers plied their nefarious callings under the very shadow of the gallows and in the awful presence of death. On the outskirts of the throng, John Wesley or Silas Told often exhorted the multitude to prepare for the Great Assize and the final Judgment.

The condition of the prisons was infamous. Prisoners for debt were even worse lodged than condemned felons, and both were exposed to the cupidity and cruelty of a brutal jailer. In 1773 John Howard was appointed Sheriff of Bedford. The horrible state of the prison pierced his soul. He forthwith burrowed in all the dungeons in Europe, and dragged their abominations to light. They were the lairs of pestilence and plague. Men were sentenced not to prison only, but also to rheumatism and typhus. Howard bearded the fever demon in his den, and fell a victim to his philanthropy. But through his efforts and those of Mrs. Fry, Fowell Buxton, and others, a great reform in the state of prisons has taken place. Methodism did much for the prisoners. The Wesleys sedulously visited them, and Silas Told, the sailor convert of John Wesley, gave himself exclusively to this work.

Amid such conditions the Wesleys carried on their sacred work. They carried the tidings of salvation to regions where it was unknown before. Amid moorfields, fairgrounds and coalpits they boldly proclaimed their message. On the mountains of Wales, among the tin mines of Cornwall, on the chalk downs of Surrey, in the hopfields of Kent, on the fenlands of Lincolnshire, in the cornfields of Huntingdon, on the wolds of Wiltshire, and among the lakes of Cumberland, they proclaimed the joyful tidings to assembled thousands.

From the ranks of those who were rescued from degradation and sin arose a noble band of fellow-workmen—earnest-souled and fiery-hearted men: men who feared not death or danger, the love of Christ constraining them. Nor was this

new apostolate without confessors unto blood and martyrs unto death. They were stoned, they were beaten with cudgels, they were dragged through the kennels, and some died under their wounds. They were everywhere spoken against. Even bishops, as Warburton and Lavington, assailed them with the coarsest and most scurrilous invective. But, like the rosemary and thyme, which, "the more they be incensed," to use the words of Bacon, "the more they give forth their sweetest odours," so those holy lives, under the heel of persecution, sent forth a sacred incense unto God, whose perfume is fragrant throughout the world to-day. Thus the influence spread till its great originator ceased at once to work and live. At that period this despised sect numbered in England 77,000, and in America 55,000 of people called Methodists.

The lofty and lowly were alike brought under the influence of divine truth. The trembling plumes of the weeping court-dame in the *salons* of the Countess of Huntingdon, equally with the tear-washed furrows on the dusky faces of the Cornish miners, attested the power of the message. Whitefield especially gained wonderful influence over many persons of noble rank. The wanton Duchess of Suffolk winced under his burning words, and thought them highly improper as applied to sinners of elevated position. "I shall not say to you what I shall say to others," said the patronizing popinjay, Chesterfield, "how much I approve you." Much the fiery preacher valued his "approval"—as much as Paul did that of Felix. Hume, though one of the coldest and most skeptical of men, said it was worth going twenty miles to hear him. The philosopher, Franklin, as he tells us, listening to a charity sermon, resolved to give nothing; but under the power of the preacher's appeals he "emptied his pocket wholly in the collector's plate—gold, silver, and all."

This great movement was not without its alloy of human imperfection, to which Lecky, with honest criticism, refers. One manifestation of this was the unhappy controversy and temporary alienation that, fomented by over-zealous followers, took place between the leaders of the great revival. But they loved each other too well for permanent estrangement. Whitefield to the last spoke of Wesley with a touching affection. On one occasion, when a censorious Calvinist asked him whether he thought they would see John Wesley in heaven, "I fear not," said the great preacher, "he will be so near the throne, and we shall be at such a distance, that we shall hardly get a sight of him." He remembered him warmly in his will, and it was in obedience to the expressed wish of Whitefield that Wesley preached his funeral sermon.

It was such brave and consecrated men as the Wesleys and their helpers who were to save the kingdom from an eclipse of faith and a possible carnival of blood akin to the French Revolution, which overturned both throne and altar in the dust—who were to impress upon the age, both in the Old World and the New, the stamp of a higher Christian civilization—who were to go forth with a passionate charity to remember the forgotten, to visit the forsaken, to lift up the fallen from a condition little better than that of beasts to the dignity of men and the fellowship of saints—who were to carry the everlasting Gospel to earth's darkest and remotest bounds—who were to sing in the dull ear of the world

> "The songs of the Holy City,
> The chimes of eternal peace."

PREPARING FOR THE GOLDEN AGE.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

I PRESUME it would generally be agreed that the world has just now reached a higher level of material prosperity than at any former period of its history. As to the moral level of the world to-day, I have no doubt there would be some difference of opinion; yet I believe the consensus of mature judgment would award the palm to the present age.

Are we, therefore, approaching that happy condition of society forecast by Bellamy a few years ago? Bellamy had just two factors for the production of the golden age. The first was abounding material prosperity; the second was an equitable distribution of that prosperity. The first factor we certainly have now in a large enough degree to show a marked improvement in the condition of society—if Bellamy's estimate is right. How far are we in possession of Bellamy's second factor—the equitable distribution of wealth? I think it will hardly be questioned that there is a marked advance along this line as well. It will not do, however, to make any very sweeping claims here. They would be sadly discounted by the sharp antagonisms of man with man almost at every point. Especially in the relations of capital and labour it is too plain that we need almost a revolution yet. Witness two extreme conditions that are very pronounced at the present moment. Witness on the one hand the United States steel trust. By its own confession the profits of that trust for the past year amounted to one hundred and forty millions of dollars. Then witness on the other hand the thousands of coal miners on strike for a few cents more of wages, and the consequent semi-starvation of a multitude of innocent wives and children. No; we need not boast much yet of our approach to the golden age.

There is no doubt that Bellamy's two factors would right immense and innumerable wrongs. There are thousands of lives soured by discontent; there are thousands of homes kept on the scramble for a bare subsistence; and there are thousands of men and boys and girls launched on a course of crime—because of the unequal and unfair distribution of wealth. It is no wonder that Bellamy lays so much stress on the righting of this wrong.

But Bellamy's great mistake lies in not going deep enough. He makes no provision for a change of heart. Without this there never can be a thoroughly regenerated society. For every one merely to have plenty will never heal the woes and sorrows of the world. We see too many instances every day of mere plenty only fostering discontent and crime.

At the same time, while we must recognize this radical defect in Bellamy's scheme, the world is under great obligation to the man who has set before us such an alluring ideal; and not only that, but who has indicated several wise methods by which the ideal in whole or in part may be attained. The ideal is not to be despised if it does seem far away; we need the ideal to inspire ambition and enthusiasm; and the ideal of one generation may be the realization of the next.

There is one part of Bellamy's scheme which I presume would generally be rejected as impracticable and unfair; and yet I think it deserves patient consideration. We may be far off the practical application of the measure in question; but the spirit of it in my view is not so impractical or unjust as might at first sight appear.

I mean the equal distribution of wealth. And I mean this on Bellamy's own plan. A simple dividing up of profits to-day, without any proper safeguards, would require another dividing up a week hence. But Bellamy's plan is to give each adult at the beginning of each year an equal credit for the current year. This credit is to be drawn upon throughout the year, and any portion of it unused at the end of the year is surrendered. Thus there is a constant appeal to thrift and good management, without the possibility of ever getting very rich or very poor.

But I imagine this equal dividend system would at once meet with two objections. It would be considered most unfair to remunerate all kinds of service alike; and it would be considered that such a system would furnish no adequate incentives to good work. I confess I was disposed to these views myself; but further reflection has considerably modified them. Let us try to see what such objections really amount to.

The restrictions of wealth are those that most constantly environ us, and are most persistent and audacious, so that it has come almost to be a second nature with us to look for them as the legitimate rewards of success. But certainly, we take very low ground if we assume that money is the highest or the main reward of work. We are, in fact, constantly—though it may be unconsciously—repudiating any such idea. Does a physician tax his utmost skill to save the life of a patient merely or chiefly for his fee? Does a preacher deliver a sermon merely for the money there is in it? If either of these men were known to work from no higher motive, they would soon, and deservedly, have no employment. Thus there is a tacit understanding that money is a poor reward for service.

But then, might not other and lower grades of service be well paid for in money? Well, suppose a man makes a table, or weaves a web, or steers a ship, does he render such service for money alone? If he did, he would be unworthy of employment, and would certainly never excel in his profession. But the fact is, he is working for other rewards, and has higher incentives, all the time. And I care not how low you go down in the scale of industry, there is still some incentive and reward that redeems the work from the sordidness of being done simply and wholly for wages.

Come into the family, and see how the principle works there? Does the father work for so much money only? Is that his sole reward? Does he not find his reward rather in providing for his family? And who pays the mother for her ceaseless anxieties and toils? She gets no wages. You could not offer her a greater humiliation than to offer her wages. Where does she find any incentive for work? She finds it in promoting the comfort and well-being of the family. And if a child is frail, and unable to contribute anything to the family's support it is not less cared for, but more. So we see how little wages count for as an incentive in the family. Love is the incentive in the family, and when by and by we begin to realize that we are all one family, the same principle will rule. Just how far we have fallen may be measured by the loss of the family ideal of society.

If wages, then, were entirely eliminated as an incentive to good work, the highest and strongest incentives would still remain. Besides the supreme incentive of love there are three subsidiary ones.

First, there would be the natural ambition to excel in our work, whatever it may be. I think it would be hard to find a man entirely destitute of this ambition. Apart from all reward, we have the instinct to excel. And if we have Bellamy's system of finding out just what we are fitted for, then all would excel, each in his own line, without envy or strife.

Then there would be the incentive of others' appreciation. There would be almost no limit to the excellence attained under this wholesome stimulant.

Then there would be the consciousness of being benefactors of society. Freed from the constant grind of care for ourselves, the knowledge that we are benefactors of our race would be a never-failing incentive, and a perennial joy. Thus the low incentive of mere wages would be replaced by incentives both more fruitful and more elevating.

Or, we might rise to a higher plane, and see how mere money rewards are but a sign of our own degradation. The higher we rise in the scale of being and of character, the more is mere money remuneration seen to be unworthy and out of place. Think of an angel giving his services for so much money. Think of him being the owner of a coal mine or a railroad. The idea is almost sacrilegious. And just as we rise in the moral scale the more will all such remuneration be discounted until we rise to the angelic level, and enter on the angelic rewards.

Further; it will be noticed how the perspective of time changes our estimate of the world's great men. Who thinks now of Abraham being a rich man, or Paul being a poor man? The circumstance of wealth or poverty may have bulked quite largely in their time; but what does it count for now? If we think at all of Abraham being rich, or Paul being poor, it is only incidentally, and the fact is not dwelt upon except as it illustrates some incident in their life. It is character and service that count now. Distance of time has given us the right perspective.

Or, if we think of a sainted father or mother, we do not think of them as being rich or poor. It is their noble character, or special service done, that comes into view; all things else are secondary or incidental. Thus we see how as we rise in the spiritual realm the gold dust of the world's wealth blinds us no more.

We need not fear, therefore, that the era of unity and peace, which we trust is coming, will rob men of due incentives to the noblest service. The lower incentives that rule now will give place to higher ones. And the rewards of service will be the noblest that men can confer or enjoy. Let us put the moral rewards more and more in the front, and the material ones will fall more and more to the rear. The more this is done, the sooner the golden age will dawn.

Mimico, Ont.

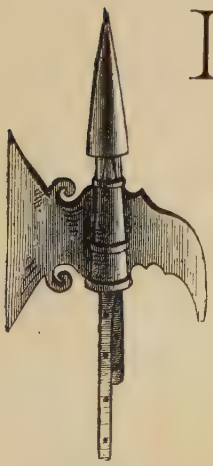
SYMPATHY.

Our lives are harps, each tuned as best we know,
Some rudely jarring; others sweet and low.
And, for a time, all seemed a wild, discordant din,
Till one sweet chord rang out, and waked
An answering strain within. —*Meta G. Watkins.*

MONTREAL PAST AND PRESENT.*

BY THE EDITOR.

NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL, PLACE D'ARMES AND STATUE OF MAISONNEUVE IN THE FOREGROUND, MONTREAL.



ANCIENT HALBERD FOUND AT MONTREAL.

IN the morning of May 18th, 1642, a small flotilla might have been seen slowly gliding up the rapid current which flows between St. Helen's Island and the Island of Montreal. The sun shone brightly on the snowy sails, flashed from the surface of the rippling river, and lit up the tender green of the early spring foliage on the shores. The dipping of the oars kept time to the chanting of a hymn of praise, which, softened by the distance, floated musically over the waves.

* The forty annual volumes of Relations of the early French missionaries in Canada, from 1632 to 1672, give a minute and graphic account, by men of scholastic training, keen insight, and cultivated powers of observation, of the early religious history of Canada. These missionary reports have been reprinted in three large volumes by the Canadian Government and form a perfect mine of information on the early history of our country. They are, as will be observed from our quotations, written in quaint old French, which a little practice, however, renders quite familiar. We have read nearly the whole of these early records, upon which Bancroft, Parkman, Winsor, Fiske and other writers upon this period have had to depend for original information. It is from them we have compiled this account of the founding of the commercial metropolis of Canada.

As the foremost and largest vessel approached, there could be distinguished on its deck a small but illustrious group of pioneers of civilization, whose names are for ever associated with the founding of the great city which now occupies the populous shores, then clothed with the rank luxuriance

FROM SULTE'S HISTOIRE DES CANADIENS-FRANCAIS. PAUL CHOMEDEY DE MAISONNEUVE, FOUNDER OF MONTREAL.

of the primeval forest. Conspicuous among these, by his tall figure, close black cossack, wide-brimmed hat, and cross hanging from his girdle, was Vimont, the Superior of the Jesuit Mission of Canada.

On the right of the Jesuit Father stood a gallant soldier in the uniform of the Knights of Malta, wearing a scarlet tunic on which was embroidered a purple cross. This was Montmagny, the military commandant of Quebec. To the left of the priest stood a taller and more martial-looking figure, wearing a close-fitting buff jerkin, on his head a steel morion, and girt to his waist a broadsword that had seen hard service in the terrible wars of Flanders. This was the valiant Maisonneuve, the first Governor of Montreal.

Nor was woman's gentle presence wanting to this romantic group. A somewhat petite figure in dark conventual dress and snowy wimple, which only made more striking the deathly pallor of her countenance, was she to whom the greatest respect seemed to be paid. This was the devout widow,

Madame de la Peltrie, a daughter of the *haute noblesse* of Normandy, who, having abandoned wealth and courtly friends, had come the previous year to Quebec, and gladly joined the new colony now about to be established. A lay sister, Mademoiselle Mance by name, a soldier's wife, and a servant of Madame de la Peltrie, completed the little group of women.

leaped ashore, and firmly planting it in the earth, fell upon his knees in glad thanksgiving. Montmagny, Vimont, and the ladies followed, and the whole company engaging in a devout act of worship, chanted with gladsome voice the sublime mediæval hymn:

Vexilla Regis prodeunt;
Fulget crucis mysterium.

MME. DE LA PELTRIE.—FOUNDRESS OF THE CANADIAN URSULINES.

A miscellaneous company of soldiers, sailors, artisans, and labourers, about forty in all, filled the three little vessels which, freighted with the fortunes of the infant colony, now approached the strand. As the keel of the pinnace, which was foremost, grated on the pebbly beach, Maisonneuve, seizing the consecrated banner, lightly

The banners of heaven's King advance;
The mystery of the cross shines forth.

The shore was soon strewn with stores, bales, boxes, arms, and baggage of every sort. An altar was speedily erected and decorated with fresh and fragrant flowers that studded the grassy margin of a neighbouring stream. Vimont, arrayed in the rich vestments of his

office, stood before the altar, and, while the congregation in silence fell upon their knees, celebrated for the first time, amid that magnificent amphitheatre of nature, the rites of the Roman Catholic faith.

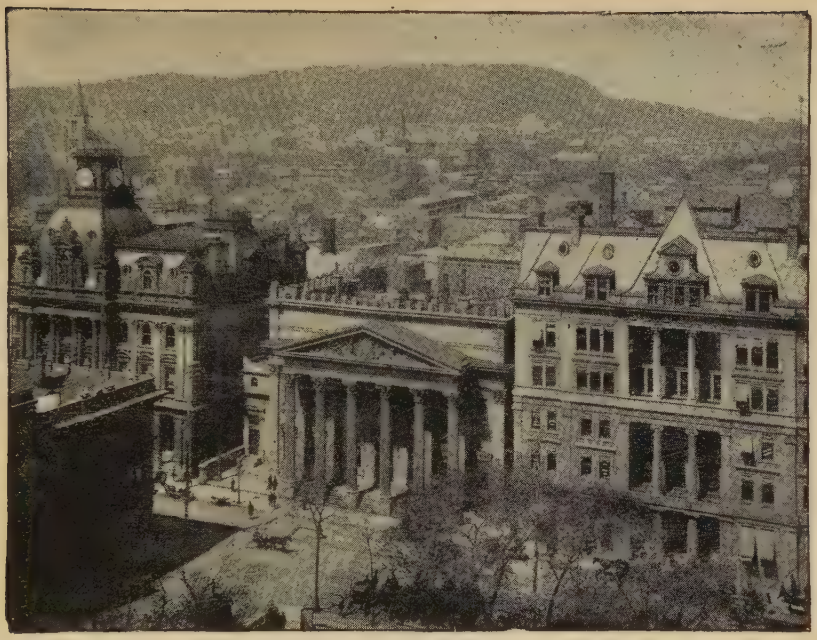
At the closing of the service the priest invoked the blessing of heaven on the new colony. With a voice tremulous with emotion, turning to his audience he exclaimed, as with prophetic prescience:

"You are a grain of mustard-seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is upon you, and your children shall fill the land."

OLD CITY WALL AND BARRACKS, MONTREAL.

No mention is made in the contemporary records of the Jesuits of the Indian village of Hochelaga, described by Jacques Cartier as occupying the site of Montreal a hundred years before. It had, doubtless, been destroyed by Iroquois invasion. The noble stream which bears to-day on its broad bosom the shipping of the world was undisturbed but by the splash of the wild fowl, or the dash of the Indian's light canoe. The mountain which gives to the city its name, shagged with ancient woods to the very top, looked down on the unwonted scene. The river front, which now bristles with a forest of masts, was a solitude. Where is daily heard the shriek of the iron horse, peacefully grazed the timid red deer of the woods; where now spread the broad squares, the busy streets, the stately churches, colleges, stores and dwellings of a crowded population, rose the forest primeval. The lengthening shadows crept across the little meadow of the encampment. The fireflies gleamed in the gathering gloom of the adjacent forest. It is narrated that the ladies caught them, and, tying them in glittering festoons, decorated therewith the altar. The tents were pitched. The evening meal was cooked at the bivouac fires; the guards were stationed; and the sentinel stars came out to watch over the cradle slumbers of Ville-Marie de Montreal.

With the early dawn the little colony was astir. There was hard work to be done before the settlement could be regarded as at all safe. The ubiquitous and blood-thirsty Iroquois infested the forests and watched the portages, sometimes even swooping down on the Algonquin or Huron allies of the French under the very guns of Quebec. The first thing that was to be done, therefore, was to erect



MONTREAL, FROM THE TOWER OF NOTRE DAME.

fortifications. Prayers and breakfast over, the men all fell to work with zeal. Seizing an axe, Maisonneuve felled the first tree. Fast and hard came the blows. One after another the mighty monarchs of the forest bowed and fell. Maisonneuve, assisted by Montmagny and Vimont, traced the outline of a little fort, and, with spade and mattock, with his own hands took part in the excavation of a trench without the lines. It revived, in the classic mind of Vimont, the traditions of the founding of the storied City of the Seven Hills. But here his prescient vision beheld the founding of a new Rome, a mother city of the Catholic faith, which should nourish and bring up children in the wilderness, extending its power over savage races, and its protection to far-off missions.

In a short time a strong palisade was erected, surrounding a spot of ground situated in a meadow, between the river and the present Place d'Armes, where the vast Parish Church lifts its lofty towers above the city nestling at its feet. The little fort was daily strengthened, a few cannon mounted, and loopholes made for musketry. The deadly Iroquois had been prevented from discovering the new settlement in its first weakness, and now it was strong enough to resist any sudden attack.

The short and busy summer passed happily. The harvest of their meagre acres was gathered in. The little patch of late-sown wheat and barley had greened and goldened in the sunshine and been carefully reaped. The mountain slopes had changed from green to russet, from russet to crimson, purple, orange, and yellow, and had flamed like the funeral pyre of summer in the golden haze of autumn. The long-continued rains had swollen the rushing river, which, overflowing its banks,

DOMINION SQUARE, MONTREAL.—WINDSOR HOTEL ON THE LEFT, Y.M.C.A. BUILDING ON THE RIGHT.

threatened to wash away the stockade and destroy the ramparts of the little fort. It was Christmas Eve. The peril of the colonists seemed imminent. They must suffer greatly, and perhaps be exterminated if left houseless and undefended at the very beginning of winter. They had recourse to prayer, but it seemed all in vain. At length Maisonneuve, moved, as he believed, by a Divine inspiration, planted a cross in front of the fort, and made a vow that should the rising flood be stayed he would himself bear on his shoulders a similar cross up the steep and rugged mountain, and plant it on the top. But still the waves increased. They filled the fosse. They rose to the very threshold of the fort. They struck blow on blow at its foundations. But the heart of Maisonneuve bated not a jot of faith and hope; and lo! the waves no longer advanced, they lapped more feebly at the foot of the fort, they slowly retired, baffled and defeated, as the colonists believed, by the power of prayer.*

In August, 1643, the little colony was reinforced by a company of recruits from France, under the command of Louis d'Ailleboust, afterwards Governor of Montreal, accompanied by his youthful wife and her beautiful sister, Philippine Boulonge. Under D'Ailleboust's experienced direction the fortifications were greatly strengthened, the wooden palisades being replaced by solid bastions and ramparts of stone and earth. But continued immunity from Iroquois attacks was not to be expected. The mission fortalice amid the forest was at length discovered, and thenceforth became the object of implacable hostility. The colonists could

* "On les voyoit rouler de grosses vagues, coup sur coup, remplir les fossez et monter iusques à la porte de l'habitation, et sembler devoir engloutir tout sans resource . . . Le dit sieur de Maisonneufve ne perd pas courage, espere voir bientost l'effet de sa priere," etc.—Vimont, *Relation des Jésuites*, 1643, p. 52.

no longer hunt or fish at a distance from its walls, nor even work in the fields under cover of its guns unless strongly armed and in a compact and numerous body. Sometimes a single Iroquois warrior would lurk, half-starved, for weeks in the neighbouring thicket for the opportunity to win a French or Huron scalp. The colonists walked in the shadow of a perpetual dread.

Maisonneuve, though brave as a lion, was no less prudent than brave. Instead, therefore, of exposing his little garrison, unaccustomed to the wiles and artifices of wood-warfare, to a defeat which would prove ruinous, he stood strictly on the defensive. The hot Norman and Breton blood of the soldier colonists chafed under this, as they thought it, cowardly policy. Mutinous murmurs, and inuendoes that sting to the quick the soldier's pride, became rife, and at length reached the ears of Maisonneuve.

"The gallant chevalier, is he afraid of the redskins?" sneeringly asked an impetuous Frenchman.

"If he were not, would he let the dogs act as scouts and sentinels, and keep behind the ramparts himself?" replied his comrade, referring to the practice of employing sagacious watch-dogs, who had a great antipathy towards the Indians, to give the alarm in case of an incursion of the Iroquois.

One day, toward the end of the winter of 1643-44, the baying of the hounds gave warning of the presence of the enemy.

"Sir, the Iroquois are in the woods; are we never to see them?" demanded the impatient garrison, surrounding the commandant.*

"Yes, you shall see them," he promptly replied, "and that, perhaps, sooner than you wish. See that you make good your vaunts. Follow where I lead."

RESIDENCE OF THE HON. G. A. DRUMMOND, MONTREAL.

* "Monsieur, les ennemis sont dans le bois; ne les irons-nous jamais voir?" etc. DeCasson, 1642-43.

MR. JAS. LINTON'S RESIDENCE, MONTREAL.

At the head of a little band of thirty men, some on snow-shoes and others floundering through the deep drifts, Maisonneuve sallied forth against the Iroquois. The enemy were nowhere to be seen. The rash sortie pushed on. Suddenly the air rang with the shrill war-whoop, and thrice their number of painted savages sprang up around them, and poured into their unprotected ranks a storm of arrows and bullets.

The French made a gallant stand, but with three of their number slain, others wounded, and two captured, they were compelled to retreat. Maisonneuve was the last to retire. The savages, like a tiger disappointed in his spring upon his prey, sullenly drew off into the forest and wreaked their rage upon their two hapless prisoners, whom they tortured with unspeakable cruelty and then burned alive. This sharp action took place a little east of the present Place d'Armes, whose name is an appropriate commemoration of the gallantry of the first garrison of Montreal. No further taunts, as we can well believe, were uttered against the tried valour of the Sieur de Maisonneuve.

It is not within the scope of the present sketch to describe the progress of Ville Marie, nor to trace its fortunes during the eventful years of its early history. Not a year and scarce a month passed in which the ferocious hunters of men did not swoop down upon the little bourg. In the disastrous year 1661 the colony lost in less than a month over a hundred men by the attacks of the Iroquois. The whole country was completely devoured by them. Like foul harpies or beasts of prey, they pounced upon their victims and carried off both men and women to unspeakable tor-

THE LATE MR. DUNCAN M'INTYRE'S RESIDENCE.

tures. One of these fierce chiefs, a savage Nero, so named for his cruelty and crimes, had caused the immolation of eighty men to the manes of his brother slain in war, and had killed sixty others with his own hand.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding all their trials, the hearts of the colonists were sustained by a lofty enthusiasm. Nor were they without signal deliverances, when, they believed, angelic bucklers turned aside the weapons of their foes and blunted the death-dealing arrow. Thus, on one occasion, it was in the year 1653, twenty-six Frenchmen were attacked by two hundred Iroquois. But, amid a perfect shower of bullets, not one of the French was harmed, while they were enabled utterly to rout their foe, God wishing to show, the chronicler devoutly adds, that whom He guards is guarded well.*

* "Ce que Dieu garde est bien gardé." Mercier, *Relation*, 1653, 3.

The latter history of Montreal is better known. Strong walls and entrenchments were constructed which not only bade defiance to savage but to civilized foes. The remains of these might recently be seen in the walls of the old artillery barracks on the river front, near the C.P.R. eastern station, and their northern limit gave its name to the present Fortification Lane. The *arx* or citadel of this semi-feudal fortress of New France was on the elevated ground where Notre Dame becomes St. Mary Street, and in the low-roofed, stone-walled old Government House near by we have a relic of the *ancien regime,* the scene of many a splendid display of princely hospitality.

RESIDENCE OF MR. R. B. ANGUS, MONTREAL.

The old Bonsecours Church, with its steep roof and graceful spire, carries us back to one of the most picturesque periods of the city's history. In the destruction of the Recollet Church another ancient

MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN'S RESIDENCE, MONTREAL.

landmark has disappeared, and only in the pages of history lives the memory of the romantic founding and early growth of Ville Marie, and of the heroic men and women whose names are interwoven for ever like threads of gold in the fabric of its story.

We know no more lovely drive in Canada than that around the Mountain Park in Montreal, and no grander view than that obtained from its southern terrace. At our feet lies the noble city, with its busy streets, its many churches, its pleasant villas and gardens; in the distance the noble St. Lawrence, pouring to the sea the waters of half a continent. Like a gigantic centipede creeping across the flood, is seen the many-footed Victoria Bridge, and afar off on the purple horizon the leafy mound of Belœil and the blue hills of the eastern townships. No one familiar with the earlier aspect of this fair city can help contrasting its present with its past.

The Montreal of the present day, says Mr. Sandham, is far different to that of fifty or even twenty years ago. A few years ago St. Paul, Notre Dame, and many other business streets were narrow thoroughfares, and the buildings were plain in the extreme, the iron doors and shutters, which were almost universal, giving the city a heavy, prison-like appearance; but these buildings were erected to meet dangers not dreaded in the present day. The old landmarks which still remain point to a time when the inhabitants had to provide against the assaults of enemies or the torch of the incendiary; or, still more distant, to the early wars between the Indian tribes and the first settlers. These ancient buildings are nearly all

"RAVENSCRAIG"—RESIDENCE OF MR. H. M. ALLAN.

destroyed, and their site is now occupied by palatial stores and dwellings, in almost every style of architecture. To-day Montreal stands second to no city upon the continent for the solidity and splendour of its buildings erected for commercial and other purposes, and in the extent of accommodation at the immense wharves which line the river front, and which appear to be built to last for ages.

It derives much of its advantage from its position at the head of ocean navigation, and from its facilities for commerce. Up to 1809 the only mode of conveyance between Montreal and Quebec was by means of stages or bateaux, but the time had come when superior accommodation was to be provided. John Molson, Esq., an enterprising and spirited merchant of Montreal, now fitted out the first steamer that ever ploughed the waters of the St. Lawrence. On the 3rd November of this year, the little craft got up steam, shot out into the current, and, after a voyage of thirty-six hours, arrived safely at Quebec, where the whole city crowded to have a look at the nautical phenomenon. It is a fact worthy of record that the second steamer built on this continent was launched at Montreal. Fulton's little steamer first navigated the Hudson; then Molson's "Accommodation" cleaved the magnificent waters of the St. Lawrence.

"In its situation, at the confluence of the two great rivers,"

"ROKEBY"—RESIDENCE OF MR. A. F. GAULT, MONTREAL.

writes Sir William Dawson, "the St. Lawrence and Ottawa; opposite the great natural highway of the Hudson and Champlain valley; at the point where the St. Lawrence ceases to be navigable for ocean ships, and for the last time in its course to the sea affords a gigantic water power; at the meeting point of the two races that divide Canada, and in the centre of a fertile plain nearly as large as all England,—in these we recognize a guarantee for the future greatness of Mont-

real, not based on the frail tenure of human legislation, but in the unchanging decrees of the Eternal, as stamped on the world He has made.

"Were Canada to be again a wilderness, and were a second Cartier to explore it, he might wander over all the great regions of Canada and the West, and returning to our Mountain ridge, call it again Mount Royal, and say that to this point the wealth and trade of Canada must turn."*

Nelson eight feet in height. He is dressed in full uniform, and decorated with the insignia of the various orders of nobility conferred upon him. In front of the monument, and pointing towards the river, are two pieces of Russian ordnance captured during the war with that country.

The Place D'Armes, or French Square, as it is more familiarly designated, says Mr. Sandham, in early days was a parade ground, on which, doubtless, the gallants and

LORD STRATHCONA'S MONTREAL RESIDENCE.

We will now briefly note a few of the monuments and public buildings and private dwellings of the city. Conspicuous among these is the Nelson monument. It stands on a pedestal about ten feet high. From the top of this a circular shaft or column rises fifty feet in height and five in diameter. On the top of the pillar is a square tablet, the whole surmounted with a statue of

dames of 1700 ofttimes assembled to witness the military displays made by the French troops under De Ramezay, Frontenac, or Vaudreuil. This square has also, in still earlier days, witnessed the hand-to-hand fight between the savage Indian and the French settler, while from the belfry of the old Parish Church rang forth the tocsin of alarm to call the settlers from the outskirts of Ville Marie to the help of their companions.

* Address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Its successor, the present Parish Church, is the largest in America, holding some ten thousand persons. Its interior is vast and gorgeous, but its worship is an empty pageantry of outward forms, incapable of satisfying either the intellectual or spiritual necessities of the soul. Bowings, bendings, genuflections, pomp, and processions, are a poor substitute for the worship of God in spirit and in truth.

The street architecture of Montreal is scarce surpassed by that of any city on the continent. The view down St. James Street from the Place D'Armes is one that it would be hard to equal. The new Post Office, the new City Hall, the new banks, are structures that would be a credit to any city in Christendom.

The growth of Methodism in Montreal forms a very important chapter in its history. As early as 1802 the city was visited by the Rev. Joseph Sawyer, of the New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the first class formed. The following year the first Methodist minister was stationed there—the Rev. S. Merwin, of that Conference. He was succeeded by such men as Martin Ruter, Samuel Choate, and the apostolic Nathan Bangs. In 1808 the first Methodist church was built on St. Sulpice Street, where its chapel-like front might recently be seen. The estrangement caused by the war of 1812-15 led to the gradual withdrawal of the American intinerants, and the occupation of the ground by British Methodism. In 1815 the Rev. W. Strong, the first Wesleyan minister from England, was stationed in Montreal. In 1819 the first missionary auxiliary in Canada was formed, and two years later the St. Sulpice Street Church was superseded by a new and larger one on the corner of St. James and St. Francois Xavier Street, on the site now occupied by the Medical Hall. Six years later another Methodist chapel in Gain Street, Quebec suburbs, was built, the result of the organization of a class in that locality by Mr. John Mathewson the previous year.

The progress of Methodism was now rapid. In 1834 the Wellington Street Church, near McGill Street, was opened. Three years later this church was superseded by a larger one on St. Mary's Street, on a lot given by the late Hon. J. Ferrier, to whose beneficence during half a century the Methodism of Montreal owes much.

A strongly aggressive movement now took place, and in three years three large and handsome churches were erected. In 1844 the Lagauchetiere Street Church was opened, under the superintendency of the Rev. M. Richey, A.M., and occupied by the congregation from the St. Mary Street Chapel. The following year the St. James Street Church opened with very large congregations, including His Excellency Lord Metcalfe, Governor-General. This was one of the largest Methodist churches in the world, having a seating capacity for about 3,000 persons. In 1854 the Union of the "Lower Canada District," which had hitherto been under the direct supervision of the British Conference, with the W. M. Conference of Canada took place.

To the more recent progress, and the erection of the new St. James and other churches, we need not now refer.

The principal residence section of Montreal is West Dorchester, Sherbrooke, and parallel streets, and the slopes of the mountain. One of the most magnificent private residences in the city is that of Senator Drummond, a red sandstone structure with bold gables and a French turreted oriel. If

this stately building were only placed within ample grounds like those which surround Mr. Joseph Linton's residence not far distant, it would set off its fine architecture to much better effect. The broad green sward, the noble terraces and fine statuary make the Linton mansion singularly attractive. The railway and steamship magnates have beautified this city with some stately specimens of domestic architecture. That of Mr. Duncan McIntyre on the mountain side commands a majestic view and makes a noble vista at the head of Drummond Street. The home of Mr. R. B. Angus, of light brown stone, with broad, sloping lawns, is another residence of which any city might be proud. The ample and opulent looking home of Mr. Robert Meighen, of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, with its large conservatory, would anywhere attract attention. High up on the mountain slope is one of the oldest and handsomest palace-like homes of Montreal's merchant princes, 'Ravenscraig," built by the late Sir Hugh Allan, one of the founders of the Canadian steamship line, whose vessels are on all the seas. It is now occupied by his son, Mr. Montague Allan. "Rokeby," the residence of Mr. A. F. Gault, is a handsome castellated building in the style of the famous Rokeby Castle commemorated in Sir Walter Scott's famous poem.

Our last cut presents the residence of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, in which hospitable mansion this veteran Canadian, for Canadian he is to the core, has entertained many members of the Royal Family. The house, like himself, is modest and unostentatious in appearance, but within is a model of comfort and good taste. Its great spacious drawing-room is adorned with many notable pictures. It was in this room that the present writer first heard, last June, the startling intelligence of the serious illness of the King and postponement of his coronation. Its conservatory is filled with many rare flowering plants, but its chief attraction is its beautiful picture gallery. This room is lined entirely with California red oak, which takes an exquisite polish, revealing every detail of its graining. It contains many paintings by artists of the first rank, including Jules Breton's "First Communion," a picture of marvellous technique and touching sentiment. This is the most valuable picture which was ever brought into Canada, having cost the sum of no less than forty thousand dollars. Examples of Henner, Diaz and many other notable artists bear it company.

DEATH.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT.

Men spoke of death, a river deep and wild and wide
An Amazon all cyclone swept, where we
Thrust out alone in Terror's barge must be
Engulfed. In all the maps of time this tide
Is huge with tributaries multiplied,
But in the Heaven-charted geography
Of Jesus Christ, a slender line I see,
With nought of horror limned on either side.
I came to death—no dark and dreadful river,
But in my being just the faintest quiver,
As one cold hand love's pallid lips caressed,
Sobbing with broken heart, "'Tis Death"; the other
The strong, warm clasp of an immortal pressed,
Who smiling said, "'Tis Life, O welcome brother."

Beamsville, Ont.

"RISEN!"

BY AMY PARKINSON.

In the earliest hour of morning,
While as yet the midnight gloom
Scarce by dawn's first streak is silvered,
Mary cometh to the tomb.

All night long her tears have fallen
For her Saviour, Friend, and King;
Now to where she left Him lying
Brings she love's last offering.

But no need is here of spices,
Here had death no helpless prey;
Cerements put off are folded
In the place where Jesus lay.

"He is risen"! While she marvels
Hark, Himself doth speak her name!
And with joy elate returneth
She bowed down by grief who came.

Back 'neath brightening skies she speedeth—
Feet made swift by heart aglow—
Nevermore the desolation
Of the night now past to know.

Back she hastes to souls still stricken,
Ev'n as but this hour her own,
Back with glad amaze to tell them
That the Lord has death o'erthrown.

Christ hath conquered! death is vanquished,
Fallen prone the monster see!
They who all their lives have feared him
Now no more his thralls shall be.

Earth repeat it, heaven re-echo,
Till the tidings told this morn
In their blest reverberations
Reach the millions yet unborn!

Let each sad, despairing sinner,
For relief who trembling cries,
Hear his pardon in the message
Now proclaimed 'neath Easter skies:

Death is vanquished! sin no longer
Holds dominion over you!
Gates of life stand wide before you,
Christ hath won your entrance through!

Toronto.

THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE — Gustave Doré

THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

"When he was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him."

"When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it."—Matthew xxvii. 19-24.

YOU cannot wash your hands of this: that crimson would defy
The many waters of the sea, the cisterns of the sky.
His blood will be upon your name; nor years can wash it white—
Not till the leaping seas shall wash the great stars from the night.
You say the Galilean only dreams a foolish dream,
That he is but an idle leaf upon an idle stream.
No, he is the Man of the People, hated by scribe and priest:
He is the fear at the Temple door, the spectre at the feast.

Shall the whispering house of Annas draw down upon your head
The hatred of the future and the shadow of the dead?
Why palter with this priestly crew? They hold a long intent:
When the wheels of the street have pity will the hearts of the priests relent.
You say you fear Tiberius,—you fear the roar of Rome;
But this Man is to Cæsar as a sea-rock is to foam.
Whoever turns from this Man's truth, he takes the thorns for bed,
He plows the seas for gardens, and he sows the sand for bread.

Oh, let the Galilean go, strike off his cruel bond:
Behold that fathomless silence and those eyes that look beyond.
There's more than mortal in that face,—than earthly in this hour:
The fate that now is in the bud will soon be in the flower.
O Pilate, I have suffered many things in dream to-day,
Because of this strange Teacher of the strait and mystic way:
I saw Him hanging on a cross, where the stones of Golgoth are:
Then laid, at last, in a guarded tomb, under the evening star.

I saw Him rise again one dawn and down a garden go,
Shining like great Apollo white, our god of the silver bow;
And then the wind of vision tore the veil of time apart,
And love of Him ran greatening from camel-path to mart;
His story was a wonder on the eager lips of men,
The scourged Galilean walked the roads of earth again.
I saw Jerusalem go down before the wrath of spears,
And turn into a field of stones under the trampling years.

All these fair towers and walls went down, with a great and terrible cry,
While signs and portents threw on earth their shadows from the sky,
Where spectral warriors strode the clouds like giant cherubim,
Going to battle in the night, now glorious, now dim.
Then whispers wild; the shout of crazing prophets on the street;
The wail of mothers by their dead; the sound of running feet;
And then the Temple reddened up, and stood, a cone of flame;
Then ashes, and Jerusalem had withered to a name.

World-battles roared around this Man, the world's mysterious King;
But over the storm of the ages I could hear the seven stars sing.
Rome crumbled and I heard a voice across the ruin laugh:
A Power had risen on the world, shaking the thrones as chaff.
And down the ages ran your name, a byword and a jeer:
"He suffered under Pilate!" sounded ever in my ear.
The deeds of some are clean forgot, but yours did breathe and live;
Some are forgiven in the end, but none could you forgive.—*Success.*

METHODISM AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.*

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D.,
Dean of Canterbury.

VERY religious awakenment of churches or nations has a deep interest of its own; but in every religious awakenment history repeats itself. Churches have many "renovations." They sink again and again into the condition of the valley of Ezekiel's vision, full of bones, "and very dry." He who looks at that may sometimes, like the Jewish prophet, feel himself unable to answer the question, "Son of man, can these bones live?" But when all seems absolutely hopeless there is a noise and an earthquake, and the bones come together, bone to his bone, and a breath from the four winds breathes upon these slain, and they live, and stand upon their feet, an exceedingly great army.

And this revival is almost entirely the work of some man, or at least of two or three men. God does not save the world by committee or clerical conference. Usually there is a prophet, or saint, or reformer, who muses until the fire burns, and then he speaks with his tongue. He becomes electric to thrill into other souls the Divine flame which has permeated his own. This history is always the same in essence, though it may vary in lesser details. He is hated, slandered, persecuted, thwarted, deliberately misrepresented, insulted, kept in poverty, overwhelmed with abuse; and, when kings and priests have power to do it, he is burned or slain.

I scarcely know of a single saint, or prophet, or reformer, whose lot has differed from this. It was so with Isaiah, sawn asunder; so with Elijah, chased into the wilderness; so with Jeremiah, smitten, imprisoned, and martyred; so with Amos; so with Urijah, the son of Shemaiah; so with Micaiah, the son of Imlah; so with all the prophets, whose blood cried from the ground against the "chosen people," from the blood of righteous Abel to the blood of Zechariah, whom they slew between the porch and the altar. It was so with John the Baptist; so with St. Peter, St. Paul, St. James, and all the apostles. It was so with the *ingens multitudo* whom Nero massacred, and all those who fell in the great persecution of the early centuries. It was so with the Albigenses, with John Hus, Savonarola, and Luther, and William Tyndale, and the Marian martyrs in England. It was so with George Fox; it was so with Wesley and Whitefield.

In later days, indeed, the liberty of prophesying has been so long established that inquisitors can no longer burn their opponents at *auto da fe;* but inquisitors have found plenty of successors to hide under the garb of lambs the heart of wolves, and to break men's hearts, and to do their utmost to defame their characters, though they are unable any longer to choke out their voices in blood and smoke.

What is strange and painful is that, many a time, the most in-

* This generous tribute to early Methodism, and its relations to the Church from which it sprang, is of all the greater value in it that it comes from the pen of one of the most able and eloquent dignitaries of that Church.—Ed.

censed opposition, the most insensate fury, has been found in the conduct of the religious authorities—the priests, the Pharisees, the religious men, the nominal Church. These were the classes who murdered the Lord of glory; and not a few deeply religious souls have felt and declared that were He to come now He would find His worst foes among those who most exclusively claim to be of His household. Where Churches have fallen into the deep slumber of routine, and ritual, and "decided opinions," there is no one whom they so much detest, or whom they so passionately try to disparage, to persecute, and to silence, as the man who attempts to do their neglected work; to feed the hungry sheep who "look up and are not fed"; to leave the deep and miry ruts of tradition and formality, and to drive at least into ripples, if not into waves, the glassy surface of their Dead Sea stagnancy.

Christ came into a Church dead in traditionalism and ceremonials, and the priests, the Pharisees, the rabbis of the Church, were His deadliest enemies. John the Baptist had said to the pious formalists: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" Christ "blighted" these same scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, "with the flash of a terrible invective," and rolled over their astonished hatred the seven times repeated "woe." They triumphed for the time; they united Annas and Caiaphas, and Herod and Pilate, and the ruler and the mob for the destruction. And as the master, so shall the servant be.

But, though Christ's reformer will always be in some form or other destitute, afflicted, tormented, yet He will never lack reformers. Wherever there is a torpid Church and a corrupt world, there arises an immense and urgent need, and wherever that need occurs men will be raised to supply it, even though they have to take their lives in their hands.

Such an immense and urgent need existed in its most virulent form in the middle of the eighteenth century. There were some great men, and myriads of good men, and thousands of godly and happy households in the eighteenth century as in every other; but it is a mere spurious and effeminate charity to deny the overwhelming evidence which existed to prove that during the greater part of the century the Church was exceptionally stagnant and the world exceptionally corrupt.

As for the world, we do not need to take the evidence of Wesley himself in his book on "Original Sin," and his "Further Appeal," or of that given in Brown's "Estimate." Sad as are the pictures there presented, there is not one element of the indictment that cannot be supported by independent evidence. Lord Chesterfield was no precise moralist, yet in 1737 he spoke against the licensing of the stage, because the favourite plays were so grossly immoral.

"I am told," wrote Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in satiric reference to the prevalence of atheism and profligacy, "that there is a bill cooking . . . to have 'not' taken out of the Commandments and inserted in the Creed at the ensuing session. It certainly might be carried out; honour, virtue, and reputation, which we used to hear of in our nursery, are as much laid aside as crumpled ribbons."

The amusements of the people were for the most part grossly licentious, and of the brutally cruel character of bear-baiting and cock-fighting. Smuggling was universal on the sea coast, and wrecking was common. Robberies, in spite of the

punishment of death inflicted even upon whimpering boys, were of constant occurrence. The streets were rendered unsafe at nights by the foul and aimless ferocities of the aristocratic Mohocks. Clubs of young nobles, like the infamous "Hell Fire Club," were the scene of horrible orgies and blasphemies. Duelling was demanded by the code of honour. Political profligacy and venality were relied upon as instruments of government. Illegality was rampant. In two years 50,000 persons were convicted of smuggling gin, and fifty-two criminals were hanged in one year at Tyburn. The House of Lords appointed a committee to inquire into the nature and name assumed by the "Hell Fire Club," which was active in trying to win members among the youth of the kingdom, and who professed themselves votaries of the devil, prayed to him and drank his health.

Writing even so late as 1784, Wesley says in his sermon on "Dissipation": "There is not, on the face of the earth, another nation so perfectly dissipated and ungodly as England, not only so totally without God in the world, but so openly setting Him at defiance. There never was an age that we read of in history . . . wherein dissipation and ungodliness did so generally prevail, both among high and low, and rich and poor."

Among the clergy generally there was a lukewarm Laodiceanism. The majority of them were ill paid, and in low social position.

"The Church," says Steele in the *Tattler,* "is placed in the centre of the glass, between zeal and moderation, the situation in which she always flourishes. We should take care never to overshoot ourselves, even in the pursuit of virtues."

The one thing of which the Church of England in the eighteenth century was most afraid of, the one thing which she denounced most persistently in her sermons, was "enthusiasm." She utterly forgot that without enthusiasm the gospel would never have been spread beyond Palestine, and that all Christians are bidden to be "fervent (*theontes,* literally, 'boiling') in spirit." If the Church of the eighteenth century could boast of its Berkeley, its Butler, and its Wilson, it had prelates who lived in the grossest plethora of worldly ease, who amassed huge fortunes out of the revenues of the Church for their families, while half their clergy were left to starve; who posed as territorial nobles with every adjunct of lukewarm ostentation; who had forgotten the very existence of their immense responsibilities; and some who rarely, if ever, set foot in their half heathenish, and wholly neglected dioceses.

The sermons of that age are largely occupied with tepid morals and half-hearted arguments. The preachers, believing in their safe and commonplace *via media,* relied chiefly on a worldly common-sense, and represented the all-merciful Father as a "colourless Providence." In their discourses we rarely find a touch of emotion, or a flash of eloquence. "Dull, duller, dullest," is the epitaph pronounced upon them by critics who made a conscious attempt to read at least some of them.

Such was the world, and such was the Church into which the Wesleys and Whitefield, and those whom they converted, began to pour the new wine of their zeal, their deep feeling, their burning conviction. The result was the upheaval of conscience among those who heard them, that breaking up of the fountains of the great deep of the human emotions, which must always ensue when human beings, not hardened and stiffened

into dead routine, are first brought into contact with eternal verities. To the neglected masses of the people neither the fashionable atheist, nor the subtle philosopher, nor the humdrum orthodox sermonizer, had any message which could be of the least avail. The masses of ordinary men cannot live on the dead husks of negation and traditionalism. Ignorant and brutal as the lowest classes had been allowed to become, it was impossible that any form of religion should in any way reach them which did not go to seek them; which did not sympathize with them; which did not speak in a language which they could understand; which did not in very truth believe in the Holy Ghost; which did not bring them living truths and a living God, and a living Saviour. In the lees and dregs of flat and dull religionism there was needed an infusion of the new wine of the kingdom of heaven. Among the chill and whitened embers of dead orthodoxy there was needed the leaping of a hot and living flame. When the Kingswood colliers heard the impassioned appeals of Whitefield, and felt the magnetic personality of Wesley, it was impossible, as in the early days of Christianity, that their newly awakened hope and gladness should fail to express itself by physical manifestations, and take the form of "corybantic Christianity," which made the sneering mob of Jerusalem say nineteen centuries ago: "These men are full of new wine."

"The spread of Methodism," says Mr. Leslie Stephen, "can only be explained by the social development of the time, and the growth of a great population outside of the rusty ecclesiastical machinery. The refuse thus cast aside took fire by spontaneous combustion."

The new preachers had met and satisfied that deep-lying religious instinct, which remained wholly unsatisfied by the narcotics of droning pulpiteers, many of whom were but half convinced, even intellectually, of the truths they taught, and to whom those truths were practically dead as to any real potency in dominating over the worldly and sensual life.

But never yet has it been the case that any power for good has begun to stir the world without awakening into intense activity the opposition of the powers of evil. Those powers are content to remain dormant so long as good and evil are not struggling together in the death grapple, but are reposing in comfortable, amicable compromise side by side. The world, the flesh, and the devil have not the least objection to soft euphuism, and half-apologetic warnings which hurt nobody, and waken no conscience, and do not disturb a single cruel oppressor, or harass a single wicked interest. The twilight of half morality is not disagreeable to them, but let a man speak out, let him aim a downright blow at any fashionable vice, or any conventional dishonesty, and who does not know the furious clamour which will follow? Let him flash out one ray of God's sunlight into the darkness, and every unclean thing will first begin to stir uneasily, and then to buzz around his head, or to sting his feet.

It is not, therefore, astonishing that both the world and the Church met the beginnings of Wesleyanism with fierce repugnance. The world expressed its hatred by riotous fury and endless abuse. The turbulent mob, often headed by gentlemen, surrounded and stormed the meeting-places, and not only threatened, but actually used personal violence against the preachers and their adherents. These were frequently pelted with stones, and beaten with sticks; and on two occasions a

baited bull, set on by dogs and dog-like men, was driven into the midst of their congregation.

"The hearts of the people," writes Wesley, "were stirred up in almost all places 'to knock those mad dogs (the Methodists) on the head at once.' Mill-dams were let out; church bells jingled; drunken fiddlers and ballad singers hired; organs pealed, drums beaten and horns blown."

The worst disturbances were in Wednesbury, where men and women alike were subjects to fearful outrages, and where, after the town had been almost sacked, the vicar—a man named Egginton—said to the mob: "Well, lads, he that hath done it from zeal for the Church, I do not blame him." Nothing but the heroic spirit, and imperturbable tact and calmness of the Wesleys and Whitefield could have saved their lives from the pious zeal of those gin-drinking savages. As for the deadlier weapon of lies, no calumny was too black to obtain credence if it was aimed at the Methodists. Wesley was called "an old fox," "a notorious hypocrite," "an avaricious self-seeker," "a Jesuit," "a Pope," "a traitorous Jacobite and conspirator." As for Whitefield, he

"Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age,
The very butt of slander, and the blot
For every jibe that malice ever shot.
The man that mentioned him, at once dismissed
All mercy from his lips, and sneered and hissed;
His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
And Perjury stood up to swear all true;
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
His speech rebellion against common-sense;
A knave when tried on honesty's plain rule,
And when by that of reason, a mere fool;
The world's best comfort was, his doom was passed,
Die where he might, he must be damned at last."

But for such a fate Whitefield was not unprepared. When he was at Bristol, the chancellor of the Cathedral begged him not to preach. "Why?" asked Whitefield. "The thing has given general dislike," said the chancellor. "When," asked Whitefield, "was the gospel preached without dislike?" The hostility of the Church—the majority, at least, of those who called themselves Churchmen—showed itself no less decidedly. The clergy tried to put down the Methodists because they "shamed them by their conquests, and angered them by their rivalry."

Bishop Gibson, of London, wrote charges and pastoral letters against the Methodists, in which he all but denounced it as a heresy to believe in the present work of the Holy Spirit. Waxing more and more angry as time went on, he tried to brand them as dissenters, though they were doing their utmost to avoid dissent, and after complaining that they went to churches, he adds, "And not content with that they have had the boldness to preach in the fields, and other open places" (as if Christ and the apostles had never done so), "and by public advertisements invite the rabble to be their hearers." There spoke the eighteenth century by the voice of the bishop. The "dearly beloved brethren" of the Church became the "rabble," if, in the intensity of their spiritual hunger, they sought for the only food on which their souls could live.

To seek and save the lost became a crime if it was attempted in an "irregular" way. The vicar of Battersea, in his pamphlet, plainly told the Methodists that they were not wanted in the Church of England, and until "they deluded them," the people "had gone on in a regular and quiet practice of duty"—the duty, as Wesley remarks, of cursing and swearing,

gluttony and drunkenness, of profligacy and adultery. The point of Bishop Lavington's mean and shallow attack was the supposed resemblance between the "enthusiasm" of Methodist and Papist. Bishop Warburton also wielded his bludgeon against the "enthusiasm" which dared to believe in the gifts of the Spirit. Other attacks were very numerous, but they are scarcely worth mentioning.

"The Methodists," said Miss Edgewood, "had to confront that hatred which is stirred up by vigorous conviction in the fact of languid make-believe." The bishops and clergy in general "had put the religious impulses into a straight waistcoat, and imagined that the force thus doomed to inaction could retain sufficient power to be useful without being troublesome."

It was only step by step, and with deep reluctance, that Wesley was driven from his old traditional High Church feelings. For a long time he was horrified at the thought of founding any sect. He constantly exhorted his people to go to church. He said that "the glory of Methodists" had been "not to be a separate body." He even said, "When the Methodists leave the Church of England, God will leave them." Nevertheless, he was compelled—compelled by his duty and his conscience, and by all that he owed to God and man—to take step by step the road which led logically and inevitably to the foundation of a separate religious body. Reluctantly, in 1739, he began to preach in the open air; reluctantly he ordained lay-preachers; reluctantly he allowed his preachers to administer the sacrament in their places of meeting; reluctantly he ordained "superintendents," who were practically bishops for his American communities.

"If we must either dissent or be silent," said Wesley, "*actum est;* church or no church, we must attend to the saving of souls."

"If separation was to ensue," said Dr. Rigg, "he would leave the blame of it entirely upon the supineness, or on the contempt or intolerance of the Anglican clergy. His hand, at least, should not sever the tie. He knew, however, that the very steps he had taken had shown the way to effect such a separation, and he never repented of those steps. Had the Church of England known the day of her visitation, no separation need have ensued. It is undeniable that separation was the necessary result of Wesley's work, because the Church of England failed to make any attempt whatever for the retention of Methodism, or its incorporation within its own system."

As early as 1740 the clergy closed the churches against Wesley, and repelled his converts from the Holy Communion, however conspicuous might be their piety. Then, and not till then, did they begin the breaking of bread among themselves.

Surely, then, the Church of England should endeavour to learn from the Church of Rome that lesson of the willingness to recognize, to use, and assimilate the irregular, but often divine, sources of enthusiasm, which would have saved her from many a terrible loss. The rise of Methodism was not the first, nor will it be the last, occasion where a little of the meekness of wisdom and the large-heartedness of tolerance displayed in time may heal breaches which, after a little neglect, tend to become irreparable. The late Bishop of Winchester, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, who, all his life, had been a leader of the High Church party, once spoke in Exeter Hall, amid thunders of applause, of "the way in which the Church of England showed a semi-vitality, when she expelled from her

bosom that saint of God, John Wesley." The expression is not literally accurate, but it is sufficiently near the truth to remind us how necessary it is to learn the lessons of history, and not to repeat the errors of the past. The very year before his death Wesley wrote to a bishop:

"The Methodists in general are members of the Church of England. . . . Permit me, then, to ask, for what reasonable end would your lordship drive these people out of the Church? Are they not as quiet, as inoffensive, nay, as pious as any of their neighbours? . . . Do you ask, 'Who drives them out of the Church?' Your lordship does, and that in the most cruel manner, yea, and in the most disingenuous manner. They desire license to worship God after their own conscience. Your lordship refuses it, and then punishes them for not having a license. So your lordship leaves them only this alternative, 'leave the Church or starve!'"

But God at last shows all things in their true light, and the world has long ago seen how much it owes to the preachers of Methodism.

"The noblest result of this religious revival," says Mr. J. R. Green in his "History of England," "was the steady attempt, which has never ceased from that day to this, to remedy the guilt, the ignorance, the physical suffering, the social degradation of the profligate and the poor."

"One community," says Telford, "bears Wesley's name; the Churches have caught his spirit."

THE LATE MRS. JOSEPH PARKER.*

BY MRS. M. E. T. DE TOUFFE-LAUDER.

What is it in the noble face that shines?
That crowns the head and all the brow entwines?
That fills the eyes with such a wondrous light?
That wreaths the mouth with such a sweet delight?
'Tis not a dream;
'Tis not a gleam
Of what may only seem;
'Tis like a glory from the Yonderland,
Dropped softly from the tender Father hand.

It is the faithlight on the sainted face.
'Tis God within; the inner sunshine's trace;
Calm, settled trust, a joy serene and pure;
And love is queen, and sits in strength secure.
"My God is love!
O Holy Dove,
Stay with me from above,"
She seems to sing: I hear the swelling tones,
Sweet singer! thou art now amid the "Thrones."†

* Written after studying long the picture of the late Mrs. Joseph Parker. I met the late Dr. Joseph Parker and Mrs. Parker in Cardiff, Wales, and have loved her ever since.

† "Thrones and dominions, and principalities and powers."

THE LIFE OF SERVICE.

A PLEA FOR DEACONESS WORK.

BY SADIE E. SPRINGER.

A LITTLE company of believers were one day talking about the glorious vision of Heaven seen by St. John on Patmos, and among them was Thomas a Kempis, the author of that beautiful Christian classic, "The Imitation of Christ." The question was raised as to which verse of that last chapter of the Apocalypse held out the most blessed hope to the Christian. One said—

"And they shall see His face,"

Another said—

"And there shall be no night there."

When all the others had spoken, they turned to Thomas a Kempis and a wonderful radiance lit up his face, a light reflected from that land where "they need no candle, neither light of the sun," as he said—

"And His servants shall serve Him."

When we remember that it is the crowning glory of the Father's angels that excel in strength, to be ministers of His and to do His pleasure, does it not seem wonderful that we, frail human creatures at best, should share the honour and privilege, even in this life, of being "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" But when we turn to contemplate that beautiful life which the Christ lived here among men, what else was it but one long ministry, one unceasing, untiring service to a lost and sinful world—a lavished life. "I am among you as he that serveth," was His own explanation of His mission to earth.

The word service usually carries with it the idea of bondage; but service for Christ is the highest kind of freedom for every human life. In the first of the Epistles to the Corinthians, seventh chapter, the Apostle Paul develops and explains that wonderful paradox: "He that is called in the Lord, being a servant, is the Lord's freeman; likewise also he that is called, being free, is Christ's servant." Along with this let us add that significant line from the pen of a later seer: "All service ranks the same with God." How comforting the thought that in the ordinary routine of life, even the commonest and lowliest services, if performed "for Jesus' sake," are as acceptable to Him as the greater ones.

As we catch the true meaning of the Master's life and words, we realize that the cost of discipleship is just the same to-day as it was during His incarnation; and if, in the Providence of God, there comes to us a call which requires us to pass with resolute step beyond all that we most love, that we may throw ourselves into the hard fight against evil, we dare not hesitate. We must follow the very foot-prints Jesus left behind, even though they be at right angles to the broad, beaten track along which the world moves, if we would share His close personal companionship and learn His purposes for mankind.

Oh, the sadness of the thought that some go through life, from birth to death, without so much as

lifting a finger to help this great work so dear to the heart of Christ that He, the infinite Son of God, left the glory of His Father's home and poured out His soul unto death that the whole world might be saved; that not one drifting, storm-tossed soul might miss his way back to his true home in the heart of a tender, compassionate God.

How wonderful the love and sympathy of Christ! Moved with compassion whenever human sorrow crossed His vision or human need approached Him. In trying to understand that ideal life, a life of perpetual, unbroken communion with the Father, we get a glimpse of what God's will is for us. His will is that we should be like Jesus. Like Him in sympathy, like Him in service and in devotion to our Father's will. His consecration was only another name for service, and He taught continually by word and deed that the truest culture and the highest wisdom are found in loving service to our fellows.

What bearing has all this upon the deaconess work. To every true deaconess service is the law of her being. A servant of the Church "for Jesus' sake," this is her proudest badge of office and the mainspring of all her effort.

To review the history of the deaconess movement, or rather, to account for its existence, we must go back to the morning of time. There is ample proof in Old Testament history that as man and woman stood together in the purity of Eden, and together fell, so it was in the plan and purpose of God that they should move hand in hand to regain their lost Paradise.

We pass by Miriam, the first prophetess, Deborah, Hannah, Esther, Ruth, and all that company of holy women of old, until we reach the New Testament times. Here the blessings and privileges which the Gospel dispensation brought to woman, shine out in all their beauty. We think of Mary, the mother of that Bethlehem Babe, of the devout Elizabeth and of all that group of faithful women gathered about our Lord, last at the Cross and first at the Sepulchre. Close to these come the women of the first diaconate, which originated with the formation of the Christian Church and was composed of both men and women. After the twelfth century, the deaconesses, as a distinct order, ceased to exist, owing to the false, ascetic principles which had crept into the Church.

Among the wonderful achievements of the nineteenth century was the re-establishment of the order of deaconesses. It was first revived in Germany, and spread rapidly to England and America. To-day there is scarcely a great city in the world where there is not some representative of the order of the white ties.

As to the various departments of the deaconess work, there are visiting deaconesses who always work under the direction of their pastors, nurse deaconesses who give themselves entirely to the sick poor, mission deaconesses and children's deaconesses who carry on the work along its industrial lines. To describe the duties of any one of these would be to prove that the deaconess work is indeed a many-sided, far-reaching kind of service and peculiarly adapted in its methods to reach the homes and hearts of the people.

The deaconesses are simply an order of women who are trying to follow in the footsteps of Jesus. In our vision of Him, we have had a vision of the world's needs, and have learned that whole-hearted devotion to Christ means sharing His burden of love and anxiety for a lost world.

Some one has said, "the time calls for men and women who will gather the blood of their hearts into the palms of their hands and scatter it abroad to warm suffering souls." Upon the Church of the twentieth century has been laid the burden of the cities. We cannot get away from this burden. The sad procession that daily pass up and down our streets in all the pathos and tragedy of their pitiful lives, are calling to us and, try as we may, we cannot silence their insistent cry.

We can hear it in the plaintive voices of neglected children, those of whom the Master said: "Whosoever shall receive one such child in my name, receiveth me." We can hear it welling up from prisoned souls in those hidden places of darkness, where the demons of want and sin are crushing out the last vestige of true manhood and womanhood, and sinking their victims, our brothers and sisters, to the level of the brute. We need to study more deeply the social problems of the cities, and all these problems resolve themselves into one—how to bring Christ to the world; this sad, sin-sick world is everywhere just waiting for His healing touch.

The primary object of all deaconess work is, through individual dealing with souls, to win them for Christ. In many homes where our deaconesses go, they find that they must first show the people what human love is by helping their starved and suffering bodies, before they can talk to them about the love of God; and oh, what blessed opportunities are then found for pointing these burdened ones to the loving Saviour who stands ready to welcome all who come to Him.

The deaconess can do little or nothing without the support of the people. The fact that such an order exists in our beloved Church is a sign that hearts are beating to a broader and more Christ-like charity. The deaconess is only the channel by which the sacrifices and gifts of the Church find their way to the needy ones. Let her be the bridge over the vast gulf between yourselves and the very poor; make her the medium through which you send out help and comfort, and in this way get for your own souls the richer blessing for it is always "more blessed to give than to receive."

As we see the wonderful possibilities opening up before us in this age in which we live, possibilities for the evangelization of the cities in this generation, we feel that we need to cry to God for a deeper spirit of devotion, of faith and of love; a spirit of doing and daring and dying, if need be, for our adorable Lord. Demands for deaconesses are coming in from the large cities all over the Dominion. Here is an open doorway of blessed opportunity for the consecrated young women of Methodism. Who will enter in? The highest culture, the widest range of talent, and all your most splendid gifts and graces are needed in this service for Him who gave Himself for you.

We are thankful for the strong link of sympathy and fellowship between the deaconesses and the people everywhere, as soon as the aims and methods of our work are made known. We feel sure that the Church will never make the mistake of looking upon the deaconess as being in any way separate from its own life and work; as we go on together in this work for God, may we have flashed before our spiritual eye-sight a vision of the whiteness of the harvest field and of the urgency of the service to which the Christ is calling each one of us, no matter how weak or unworthy we may consider ourselves to be.

Then, in that day when all things are revealed, how unspeakably happy we shall be if some poor wounded heart, some one in need of harbour and refuge, one of Christ's little ones to whom life was all but a piteous tragedy, shall rise up and say:

"Master, I was sick, I was in prison, I was an hungered, and this one, Thy disciple, ministered unto me."

"THE SHEEP KNOW THE VOICE OF THE SHEPHERD."

TO-DAY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"Now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.

What have they told you? It is not true
That the Lord will have nothing to say to you;
He is calling you now,—hear His "Come unto Me,"—
In a voice that is tender as tender can be.

He mourns o'er your load of transgression and grief,
And longs with great longing to give you relief;
O hark to His pleading, and answer the call,
And down at His feet let the sad burden fall!

By breaking the laws He bade you keep,
And straying from Him, like a wandering sheep,
You have wounded, indeed, His loving heart,
And you do not deserve in His heaven a part:

But He battled with death, and prevailed in the strife,
That you might be with Him through endless life:
Do you think He would seek you at such a cost,
And leave you at last, in the dark to be lost?

Could He go through the grave your pardon to win,
And then keep it from you—whatever your sin?
Nay: deeply they wrong Him who dare so to say!—
It is yours for the taking—take, take it to-day!

Toronto.

SHELLEY—THE POET'S POET.

BY ETTA CAMPBELL.

"Like yours, O marshes, his compassionate breast,
Wherein abode all dreams of love and peace,
Was tortured with perpetual unrest,
Now loud with flood, now languid with release,
Now poignant with the lonely ebb, the strife
Of tides from the salt sea of human pain
That hiss along the perilous coasts of life
Beat in his eager brain;
But all about the tumult of his heart
Stretched the great calm of his celestial art."

O sang most fittingly our own Canadian poet, Charles Roberts, of one who justly earned the right to the title at the head of this page.

It is not the purpose of this little sketch to pry into the private and personal affairs of Shelley, nor to defend his philosophy of life, but to reveal, if it may be, a few of the poetic qualities of his verse that made him what he was and still is to the literary world, for more than one great poetic mind that has "gone over the bar" drank deep of the springs of beauty in Shelley's verse, and they delight to pay tribute to his name. In spite of his eccentricities Shelley had friends by whom he was much beloved, among whom were the poets Byron, Keats, and Leigh Hunt.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born of titled and wealthy Sussex folk in 1792. These same kin of his were not much troubled with imagination or ideals, and naturally enough misunderstood the boy's ardent, artistic temperament, and consequently his early years were not the happiest. Playmates he had almost none. Shy, quiet, a dreamer, this boy of the wondrous fancy lived apart from others in a dream-world of his own. When at ten years of age he was sent to a large boys' school, little fitted because of his extreme sensitiveness to cope with a rabble of mischievous scamps, his unhappiness was only augmented.

Perhaps here were sown the seeds that afterwards bore fruit in his open rebellion against all authority, for at Eton, where he set the masters at defiance, he found himself sent home in disgrace. Later, in Oxford, came a repetition of this rebellion, not only against the rules of the professors, but against the laws of God, and upon his publishing a pamphlet entitled, "A Defence of Atheism," he got himself ignominiously expelled from college. Going home, he was disinherited by his father, forbidden all intercourse with his family, and turned loose to shift for himself.

Let us not be too hard on Shelley for his erratic conduct in these early years. Let us not get angry at the sight of an eighteen-year-old boy flying in the face of Providence and boldly declaring for atheism. God had high plans for Shelley just as he has had for many another misunderstood man. He who knows the end from the beginning could afford to wait if man could not. Though Shelley's erring intellect rebelled against faith, his heart, all unknown to himself, leaned upon it.

Soon after his inglorious expul-

sion from college in his mad haste to right the evils of the world, he made another sad mistake in his union with Harriet Westbrook, whom he married largely out of sympathy, and who was wholly unfitted both in intellect and temperament to be the life-companion of the poet. What their domestic troubles were, and how far they were increased by the presence of the elder Miss Westbrook, who became an inmate of their home, it is hard to say; but certain it is that Shelley, when he broke the marriage-bond that had proved so uncongenial, and went to the Continent with Mary Godwin, found in her the greatest solace of his stormy life, in spite of poverty, persecution, the coldness of friends and relations, and a thousand miseries. Notwithstanding his peculiar views regarding marriage Shelley did not defy laws of social purity as did Byron. His opinions regarding the marriage-rite were matters of genuine conviction and not excuse for immorality.

That Shelley was a trying man to live with is beyond a doubt. It must have required a special gift of patience on the part of his wife, for he was most erratic in his habits, full of wild notions, and given to dosing himself with laudanum; preferring instead of regular meals a pocketful of bread and raisins, that he could eat as he walked; preferring to sleep when others were about their daily duties, and to wake when others wanted to sleep. Be this as it may, our concern is chiefly with his poetry.

That Shelley will never be read by the masses goes without saying. He is the poet's poet. His was

> "The poet's blood
> That ever beat in mystic sympathy
> With nature's ebb and flow."

He was a perfect master of the music of poetry, many of his lyrics being unrivalled in the English language for their musical qualities. The angel of poetry granted to him a harp of a thousand strings, and it was a master-hand that drew their music forth. He excels also in ideality. His imaginative power far outran his judgment and reason, which perhaps accounts for the life-mistakes he made. Intensely imaginative and visionary people may produce good poetry, but they are not always the most comfortable folk to get along with.

Another of his charms lies in his rapturous praise of beauty. He stands before all men in his ability to perceive beauty and to express it. He was

> "Obedient to the light
> That shone within his soul."

Only one who felt deeply "the mystery and majesty of earth" could have written "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude," his first really great poem. Roberts says of him, in connection with this poem:

> "And thou henceforth the breathless child of change,
> Thine own Alastor, on an endless quest
> Of unimagined loveliness didst range,
> Urged ever by the soul's divine unrest,
> Of that high quest, and that unrest divine
> Thy first immortal music thou didst make."

Ah, yes! Shelley's life was an "endless quest for loveliness" and "Alastor," with its mystic beauty, mirrors his own longing after all beauty. A few passages will serve to show the witching beauty of its lines. Here is a fine description of the coming of eventide:

> "Evening came on,
> The beams of sunset hung their rainbow hues
> High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray.
> That canopied his path o'er the waste deep;
> Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,
> Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks
> O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day;
> Night followed, clad with stars."

Note also his descriptive power in the following lines:

"Ivy clasped
The fissured stones with its entwining arms,
And did embower with leaves for ever green,
And berries dark, the smooth and even span
Of its inviolated floor."

"The forest's solemn canopies were changed
For the uniform and lightsome evening sky,
Gray rocks did peep from the spare moss and stemmed
The struggling brook; tall spires of windlestrae
Threw their thin shadows down the rugged slope,
And naught but gnarled roots of ancient pines,
Branchless and blasted, clinched with grasping roots
The unwilling soil."

While in this poem there is a wealth of imagery and the choicest vocabulary, yet these often outweigh the thought and merge into the nonsensical. In places it is marred by excess of words and excess of sentiment, yet the spirit of true poetry breathes through all this extravagant language.

Another of his fine poems is "Adonais," which takes rank with the "Lycidas" of Milton, and the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson in elegiac literature. This poem is an elegy on the death of Shelley's friend, the poet John Keats, who died at the age of twenty-four. It will well repay earnest study. The following quotation is perhaps the most striking passage in the poem:

"Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity
Until death tramples it to fragments."

His best-known and finest lyrics are "The Cloud" and "To a Skylark." Surely he who penned these masterpieces, Shelley, with the angel face and the skylark soul, could not have lived wholly in vain. These poems are less marred by the defects and immaturity that appear in his other verse. They reveal his delicate and fragile genius and give promise of greater genius if Shelley had been spared to fulfil it. The restless yearnings of the man throb in these lines, taken from "To a Skylark," and in them is revealed the undertone of sadness that was in his life.

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell
of saddest thought."

Shelley had the skylark soul, for always from the depths of his own sorrows he soared to the heights. In his own words:

"Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Much misery he suffered; much misery he caused. Little wonder that this poet, born to fly in God's free blue air, grew wing-weary ere long—grew tired of vainly beating the air with his pinions, and often gave expression to his utter heart-sickness and earth-weariness in such lines as these:

"I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away this life of care
Which I have borne and still must bear."

Deal gently with his frailties for the sake of what is pure and good and sweet in his gift of poesy to the world. His verse was rich poetic achievement for so young a man, for he was but within a month of his thirtieth year when disaster overtook him. What might he not have accomplished had he been permitted to fill the span of life allotted by the Psalmist of old?

His last poem, "The Triumph of Life," begun but never finished, possesses a curious interest when we recall the last line:

"Then what is Life? I cried:"

and remember that the questioner sought its answer in the halls of death.

Shelley and his wife, with some friends, the Williams, were spending the summer of 1822 at the Gulf of Spezzia in Italy. Being passionately fond of yachting, Shelley and Williams had a small schooner built for them at Genoa after a special design. They started in her on the first of July to go to Leghorn to meet Leigh Hunt. Returning on the 8th they perished in a storm—Shelley, Williams, and a sailor-boy. When the bodies were found a few days after, they were burned after the Greek fashion, and the poet's ashes were collected and buried in the Protestant cemetery in Rome, near the grave of his friend Keats, with whom his soul had kinship while alive and whom he so deeply mourned in his beautiful poem, "Adonais." Time's silent dusk gathered him to her heart, but the thrill of his song can never be silenced. On his tomb were inscribed these lines from Shakespeare's "The Tempest," his favourite play:

> "Nothing of him that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange."

Florence, Ont.

A ROBIN'S EGG.

Only think of it—love and song,
The passionate joy of the summer long
Matins and vespers, ah! how sweet,
A nest to be in the village street,
A redbreast flashing in happy flight,
Life's full ecstasy and delight
Thrilling God's minstrel through and through—
All of them packed in this egg of blue!

Would you believe it, holding dumb
Lime and pigment 'twixt finger and thumb?
Would you believe there was love within
Walls so brittle and cold and thin?
Such a song as you heard last night,
Thrilling the grove in the sunset light?

Out of the casket in which we dwell
What may issue?—can you foretell?
Can you say, when you find outspread
Bits of our eggshell, we are dead?
Can you think, if this shell be crushed,
All that was in it is cold and hushed?
Look once more at this bit of blue—
Has it no message of hope for you?

—*James Buckham.*

"We know so little of the hearts
That everywhere around us beat,
So little of the inner lives
Of those whom day by day we greet;
Oh, it behooves us one and all
Gently to deal with those we meet."

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

GATHERING CLOUDS.

THERE can be no doubt but that Jemmy was as sincere in his desire to do good as could possibly be, and yet it is undeniable also that there was a spice of peculiar ambition in his eager desire to hold a baptismal service. A little, maybe, of the old hankering after spiritual power over one's fellows that has always had such a fascination for mankind. He would indignantly and with all sincerity have denied any idea whatever of making himself a priest, or even a priestling, which would only have proved that the best of men may successfully deceive themselves.

As the closely packed congregation dispersed, such remarks as the following were freely bandied about: "Don't 'e fancy hisself, neither? Sticking 'isself up ter be a kind er bishop—the likes of 'im! Better learn 'is own bisness fust afore he takes on such a job as that agen. I calls it downright blarsphemous, I do, fur a feller like 'im t' go an' make a mockery of a holy ceremunny such as that."

This remark came with peculiar force and appropriateness from the individual making it—a sodden creature who lived upon his wife's earnings at the wash-tub, and of whom it was universally said that he had never done a day's work in his life, or spoken a good word of anybody except in the hope of getting beer from them. Poor old Pug was much cast down when the crowd had gone, and a few "elders" of the church were discussing the evening's proceedings; he was moved to tears over the great opportunity lost and the absurd figure cut by his son at so critical a time. He said: "I looked thet we sh'd 'old a service o' prise arter this meetin', and 'stid o' that we must, yuss, we must, 'old a service o' penitence. There's somethin' wrong somewheres. We ain't all right wiv Gord, I'm shore, 'r we shouldn't a ben let go as wrong as we 'ave."

Then, suddenly, to the unmitigated astonishment of everybody present but himself, Jimson stepped forward, his face fiery red, and stammered out: "Looky 'ere, Mr. Maskery, I've 'ad enough o' yore snackin' an' 'intin' at me, an' I ain't a-goin' t' stand it no longer. If you've got anythin' agin' me, w'y don't yer say it out an' 'ave done wiv it? I'm as good a man as you are, an' I tell yer straight I don't like th' way things 'as ben a-goin' on 'ere fur some time. I ben in the mission four or five years now, an' up till a little while ago I 'ad my share of the work. I took my part in wotever was goin', and paid my bit tords everythink like a man, an' that's more 'n you can say, Mr. Jemmy Maskery, an' well you knows it. Many and many a time we've 'ad ter make up wot was short through you not bein' able to pay your share. An' then, w'en your chum comes along, a man like me 'as t' get out of 'is way; stan' back an' 'old my peace, although I fink I 'as quite as much right an' asperience an'—an' goodness, too, if it comes ter that, as ever 'e 'ad, or you, either, fur the matter o' that."

The speaker, having now apparently accomplished his object of working himself up into a fury, paused for breath, and glared around into the blank astonishment depicted on the faces he saw. For a minute there was an uneasy, surcharged silence. Then Pug spoke, slowly, thoughtfully, as one who felt that upon him rested great responsibilities: "Joe, my lad, 'ow fur I'm ter blame fur wot you've jest said I don't know. I only know this: that if I've said anythin', or done anythin', or even thought anythin' wrong tords you or any bruvver in this gavring, I arsks yore pardin 'umbly as I arsks Gord's pardin, too. I can say, though, 'onest an' true, 'at I never meant any 'arm. An' if I was finkin' of anybody in peticler w'en I spoke as I did it wos my son Jemmy. 'Corse I know 'im, p'raps, better 'n any of yer. I knows 'at 'e's alwus a-rushin' at fings like a bull at a gate, an' 'e don't often stop ter fink wot's a-

goin' ter 'appen w'en e's 'ad 'is way. But, in the sight of Gord, my only feelin' was 'at we'd missed a grand opportunity, th' henemy 'ad 'ad 'casion ter blarspheme, an' th' cause we're all a-wishin' to see go forward 'as ben put back. An' I felt 'at p'raps th' fault was in ourselves somewheres. Joe, Jemmy, and brevren, if I've said wot I oughtn't to a-said, forgive me ; I didn't mean no 'arm."

Upon Jemmy the effect of his father's appeal was what might have been expected. He gazed, as if conscience-smitten, around the Hall, a helpless, pathetic, appealing look, as if conscious of wrong-doing, yet unable to realize where and in what way he had done what he should not. For a time no one spoke, and when at last the uneasy silence was broken it was by the newly baptized Bill Harrop. Looking straight at Jimson, he said, "Brevren, I'm only a kid among yer, but it seems ter me as if I oughter say somefin'. An' wot I want ter say is this—'at I fink arter wot Gord's let ye do fur me an' lots of uvvers, I carn't understand any little fing like this 'ere upsettin' of yer. If Bruvver Jimson's ben left aht in the cold, or finks 'e 'as, why, let's all beg 'is pardon an' tell 'im 'e sha'n't 'ave no cause ter compline any more. I'm shore nobody intended ter slight 'im, an'——"

But here Jimson burst in with : "Looky 'ere, Brother Harrop, once fer all, don't you think I want any patternisin' from you, 'cause I don't. I wasn't a-torkin' t' you, any'ow, and I don't know wot ye mean by addressin' yore remarks to me. I was gittin' sick o' th' 'ole business afore, an' nah you come a-pattin' me on the back—that feeds me up, an' I'm orf." With that he strode swiftly towards the door, disregarding entirely the expostulatory calls of his friends, and was gone.

Now, to men of the world Jimson's behaviour would have been perfectly explicable. They would have said that he was jealous, feeling his own want of capacity to do the work that was being done, and yet bitterly resentful of the ability of others who, coming later into the "church" than he, had naturally taken at once a higher place.

Jimson's sudden exit seemed to lift the embargo laid upon Jemmy's tongue. He sighed heavily, and said : "Well, farver an' brevren, we must go 'ome. I'm a-goin' 'ome wiv a 'eavy 'eart, not 'at I c'n quite understand wot I've done wrong. But after wot farver 'as said, an' the way Bruvver Jimson left erse, I carn't feel 'appy. No matter ; my 'eart don't condemn me, an' if it did I sh'd arst pardon an' be fergiven as I've ben so many times. Good-night, an' God bless all of ye." A general hand-shaking and series of good-nights followed, and in five minutes all had separated and gone to their several homes.

The next Saturday evening prayer-meeting was marked by a most unusual incident. As a rule, no one ever came to that meeting save the members of the mission, but on this occasion a man was present who made all the members feel uneasy. He was a costermonger if he was anything, but neither as a street tradesman nor a general labourer was he ever a regular worker. Nowadays he would be called a Hooligan, but then the only term that could be applied to him with any sense of propriety was that of "rough." He was undoubtedly rough, and wherever any trouble was afoot it was almost certain that Jem Paterson would be found in the midst of it. He was distinctly one of the dangerous classes of whom, alas ! there are so many in our great towns, bred in the foulness of the slums, and without any more sense of their duty towards their neighbour than animals, of whom they resemble only the fiercest types. He had been at the baptismal service, and was then "spotted" by Brother Salmon, who for a moment felt full of fears lest he should have come there to create a disturbance, but was consoled when he found that as the service proceeded Paterson sat quite still, apparently impressed by what was going on.

When, however, he put in an appearance on the Saturday evening, none of the members knew quite what to make of it. And when the terror of Rotherhithe came shambling forward at the close of the Saturday evening's prayer-meeting, and professed in uncouth terms his desire to seek the Lord, he was received at first with a considerable amount of reserve. Then when the situation adjusted itself, all went to the opposite extreme, and vied with one another in their welcome to the new comer.

He told them that he was tired to death of his way of living ; that the words of Jemmy on the "Waste" the previous Sunday evening had gone right home to his heart ; and that never again could he do or say, or even think as he had done. But specially he had been moved by the baptismal service. That had settled the

matter for him and he only longed for the time to come when he, too, might testify in public that he was a lover of the Lord. Much more he said, also, in the same strain, and at last, such was the agony of conviction in which he found himself, he burst into tears, and for some time refused to be comforted. Great was the rejoicing among the brethren and sisters. All felt, and justifiably so, that such a brand plucked from the burning was worth any amount of labour and pains to secure. They yearned over the repentant one with an intensity of affection that can nowhere else be witnessed in the world's scheme of things, except in the case of parents for children. He was at once a trophy of grace, a proof of their ministry, and a divine sealing of their charter of apostleship. When they left the Hall that night they trod the clouds, and for a little while even the disquieting episode of Jimson's defection was forgotten.

At the very time when this delightful season was being enjoyed by the members of the mission Jimson was closeted with three chosen chums, fellow foremen, in the dim and somewhat strong-smelling little bar parlour of one of those overhanging waterside taverns which still survive on both sides of the Thames. A bottle of rum stood on the rickety table, flanked by a sugar-basin and a plate containing some sliced lemon. Four glasses also, filled to the brim with a comforting compound, stood there, each one in front of a member of the quartette. Each in turn gave his solemn opinion of the state of affairs at the Wren Lane Mission. Fortified as well as consoled by the potent spirit, each one said many things without the least idea of the value of words ; but deep down in the minds of every member of the little company was a somewhat devilish satisfaction that at last Joe Jimson had seen how narrow and unsatisfactory was the way of a Holy Joe, and had, gaining wisdom in time, returned to the ways of knowledge—knowledge, that is, of how to make the best of the world which is, and leaving such esoteric considerations as the comfort of others, to say nothing of one's own comfort, in the world which is to come, to take care of themselves.

Said Larkin Smith, as he cocked his opened pocket-knife into the hollow of his thumb and proceeded to rub up the tobacco he had just shredded from a plug into fitting filling for his pipe : "I alwus did say as Jimson was aht o' place in that gang, didn't I ?" There was no answer, but a series of solemn nods, so he resumed : "Yers, an' wot I say is, men like erse, wot's gotter git their livin', an' git it mighty 'ard, too, ain't got no time fer foolin' aroun' with bizness wot b'longs ter th' parson. Every man t' 'is trade, I ses. I don't go crabbin' no man's job, I don't. Let th' parsons look aht fer men's speritooal matters, w'ile the men's a-doin' their bit o' graft, an' 's long's they don't interfere with me I ain't a-goin' t' interfere wi' them. Live an' let live 's my motter. Wot do I know about religion ? Nothin' at all ; an' I don't want ter know nothin' w'en I can get a man 'oose parients a' got plenty of brass ter sen' 'im ter college an' learn all there is ter be learned, wot 'll come rahnd ter me an' take all the 'sponsibility orf my shoulders, an 'll come in w'en I peg aht an' read me the words wot 'll pars me froo, an' make me all right fer the nex' world. W'y sh'd I bother my stoopid 'ead abaht fings? No, not me."

With a shake of his head worthy of Solon, Mr. Smith drained his glass and subsided into a chair, puffing vigorously at his pipe, as a man who, having stated an unanswerable case, awaits a futile rejoinder in order that he may with a sentence or so crush the rash answerer into dust. No reply came, however, for neither of the other two strangers took sufficient further interest in the conversation to rouse them from the pleasant lethargy induced by rum and tobacco, while Jimson himself, although passionately argumentative, was actually too much ashamed to say a word either against the faith he still secretly held, or in its favour, when he was engaged in acting as if he had done with it for ever. And there for the present we will leave him, to find that the old pleasures, long desired in secret, had somehow lost their savour ; that there was a dull, cold sense of dissatisfaction with everything and everybody, allied to a constantly haunting fear of having done irreparable injury to his chances of ultimate happiness, and an aching desire to get back among the people he had but recently been so eager to leave.

There was, as I have before noted, in the enlarged Hall, an angular, cupboard-like apartment which was used as a vestry, and in this tiny place Jemmy was wont to keep in a little box the moneys collected, until the treasurer, Brother Jenkins, who was

by reason of his employment somewhat irregular in his attendance, should come and take it. Jemmy had adopted this plan since the amounts collected had grown in importance, for, as he said with a merry smile, he didn't want to be always under temptation to pay his rent or have a good feed out of the mission money, as he should if he kept it at home. On this Saturday evening the little box contained over £11, the proceeds of the baptismal service and the previous Sunday's collection, and sundry other sums which were due to be paid away.

When Brother Salmon came as usual to set the Hall in order for the breaking of bread on Sunday morning, he found to his horror that some one had been before him, not through the door, but down through the skylight. Further investigation revealed the startling fact that Jemmy's little box was gone. Quite stunned by the discovery, Brother Salmon sat down and tried to collect himself, then dropped on his knees for his unfailing solace, and told the Father all about it. He rose comforted, and said nothing to any of the brethren until Jemmy arrived, when, taking him into the vestry, he told the poor fellow the heavy tale. It was a crushing blow to Jemmy, disabling him from conducting the service, which was consequently left in the hands of Brother Salmon.

Although none else but these two knew of the loss, there was present in the minds of all a sense of something being wrong, a lack of the joy and brightness usually felt at the Sunday-morning meeting. As soon as it was over, Jemmy called all the brethren together who were, if one may call them so, his deacons, and laid the loss before them, taking all the blame, and yet lamenting that the treasurer had not been there to take the money away with him. No one had very much to say, except to offer the peculiarly British suggestion of locking the stable after the loss of the horse, but it was unanimously decided that Brother Jenkins be asked to resign his treasurership as soon as he could be seen. All seemed to afraid to suspect any one whom they knew, and no one had any suggestions to offer about raising this large sum. They felt they dared not make the matter public, for they all knew how a censorious world would receive such a statement. It would certainly be said that if any robbery had been committed it was by one of themselves, and those persons who had not contributed a farthing towards the expenses would be the loudest in their condemnation and sinister suggestions of dishonesty.

So that it was with a heavy heart the little band prepared for the campaign of the evening, anticipating much trouble during the approaching winter in keeping out of debt, when open-air meetings could not be held, and the collections would be confined to their own body. For they knew, none better, that in the open-air meetings their strength lay, and that such a congregation as they would get indoors during the winter would be quite unlikely to contribute enough to meet current expenses, much less make up such a loss as they had just sustained. In the open air that night a fairly good collection was taken, amounting to three pounds. But there were no conversions, and very little enthusiasm except on the part of Bill Harrop, who proved himself a tower of strength. But for him the meeting would have been dull indeed.

CHAPTER XVII.

FAITH'S OPPORTUNITY.

From the hardly contested struggle of the brethren in dingy Rotherhithe it is doubtless a relief to return for a while to Saul, grandly justifying his high calling upon the wide sea. It is no exaggeration to say that this one man's goodness of character, ability in his profession, and courage to do what he felt to be right, completely altered the lives of everybody on board. Saul dominated the whole ship, and although, as was inevitable, there were some evil spirits who hated him solely for his goodness, they did not dare to utter their sentiments for fear of what the majority might say or do. So the Asteroid was a perfectly peaceful ship. From day to day the routine went on like clockwork, and there never was the slightest necessity for either of the mates to interfere in any way. Not only so, but the mate grew to repose such implicit confidence in Saul's sailorizing qualities that his directions for work to be done only consisted of the merest outlines, and any suggestion of alteration made by Saul always met with a most cordial welcome from him.

When the ship reached the steady fine weather region, Saul, having previously obtained the consent of the mate, held a class three nights a week in the second dog-watch, to which he

invited all the apprentices and those members of the crew whose seamanship was of poor quality. At these times he taught his pupils with a thoroughness and assiduity beyond all praise, all the mystery of knots, spices, seizings, and fancy-work, in either hemp or wire rope. And this teaching business caught on so that soon you might see all hands in their watch on deck at night, or below in the dog-watches, busily engaged in demonstrating some knotty point of sailorizing, or arguing some detail of seamanship, such as the sending up or down of masts and yards, the fitting of rigging, etc.

Side by side with this educational process—which, it may be remarked in passing, was not merely of the highest value to the crew practically, but kept their minds off the endless filthy gabble that is so characteristic of ships' forecastles—another form of instruction was steadily going forward. None the less real because it was unobstrusive, it was not confined to one period of the day ; its beneficent influence was felt all day long.

In this manner Saul was silently educating the crew of the Asteroid. His two berthmates, Chips and Sails, were in great straits. His presence in the half-deck exercised a restraint upon them that often became intolerable. So, as a rule, whenever he was in the house they went out and conversed at their ease. They did not boycott him intentionally, feeling that such a proceeding would be futile, but they simply could not talk before him ; their darkness could not stand his light. Then Chips was taken seriously ill. The food in the ship was of poor quality—poorer, so the two petty officers said, than it had ever been before; and, owing to a quantity of tinned fresh meat going bad, there was very little change of diet from the saltpetre-laden meat. This brought on an illness in the carpenter's case which partly the long-delayed result of vicious habits, might have been averted with proper food. And now the sufferer realized with many mental pangs how good a thing it was to have a tender-heated, untiring shipmate. Saul nursed him like a mother, prayed for him, read his favourite books to him (for Chips, like most Scotchmen, was a great reader), and generally did for him what such a man might be expected to do. And at last, one Sunday afternoon, as the ship was sweetly breasting the bright waters of the Southern Ocean before a splendid westerly breeze, with a regular rhythmical swing, as of an infant's cradle, although she was making a good ten knots, Chips suddenly turned his weary eyes full upon Saul as the latter sat by the bunk-side reading the " Heart of Midlothian " to him, and said: "Bo'sun, hoo is ut ye've never offert tae read th' Bible tae me ?"

" Chips, my boy," replied Saul, " I've been waitin' and prayin' for ye t' ask me. You know as well as I do that if I had offered you would have been offended and perhaps scared as well, because some people have a queer notion that to offer to read the Bible to a man shows that you think he's goin' to die. But tell me, would you like me to read to you ? Read the Bible, I mean ?"

Chips with closed eyes murmured : " Yes. Not 'cause Ah think A'am gaein' t' dee, fur Ah daen't. But Ah wou'd laik fine t' see, if Ah can, hoo it is that a man can dae fhat ye've been daein' ever sin ye came aboord this ship. Mahn, Ah've niver seen anything laik ut in a' ma life. Mony an' mony a mahn Ah've been acquent wi,' them wha' profest tae be unco guid, bit thae wer a' rotten at hert, an' ther professions wer but lees. But ye seem tae be wut ma idee of a Christen mahn ought to be. Read me some oot o' yer Bible, an' Ah'll listen wi' all ma hairt."

Without another word Saul reached up for his Bible, and opened it at the fifteenth of Luke. From lack of education many of his words were mispronounced in a fashion to make a critic writhe, but he had that supreme gift of a good reader, a sympathetic appreciation of what he was reading, that made his hearer feel the words as the writer intended they should be felt. Interest grew poignant in its intensity as Saul, choking with emotion, reproduced the divine picture of the Father on his lonely watch-tower straining his eyes out over the desert for the drooping, way-worn figure of his returning son.

" Thankye, thankye, bo'sun ; ye'll never know what you've dune fer me this aefthernune. May God repay ye, fer Ah niver can. Noo, Ah'll sleep. Ah think, fer Ah feel that comforted ye caen't believe."

But Saul's greatest blessing was found in the transformation of the once truculent and worthless Larry Doolan. His experience the first day out had been to him a revelation of what he was himself, and what this strong, brave man was who had first

mastered him and then saved his life. He was truly a changed man. His dog-like affection for Saul was a pathetic thing to see.

And so the passage drew near to its close. Chips recovered, but was sadly altered in physique from the tremendous demand made upon his enfeebled constitution. The sail-maker, a weak, good-natured fellow, taking his cue from the penitent carpenter, now sat with him, and listened while Saul read a chapter every night out of his beloved Bible, and hazarded a few pithy comments at intervals. And then the trio suddenly became aware that during the reading there were listeners outside the door. Some of the watch on deck took to creeping aft and listening to Saul's melodious voice as he read the Word. And presently came that for which Saul had hungered ever since he came on board, an invitation to read, to all hands that could attend, one Sunday afternoon, at which his heart leaped for joy. Seated on the fore-hatch, with the chaps picturesquely disposed about him, the bo'sun read amid a silence so profound that you could almost hear the deep breathing. The impression made was very great ; how great could only dimly be surmised, but the immediate results were evident. Only four fellows held aloof—men who had made up their minds to hate Saul, and whom no amount of admiration for his seamanship or manly character could alter—and Larry. But the latter only kept away from the reading from a mistaken idea that he would be held disloyal to his religion if he listened to a heretic's reading of the Bible. His conscience was becoming very tender, and he longed to do right at whatever cost to himself. And Saul, knowing his difficulty well, did not press him with invitations. He only remained instant in prayer that this poor, blind heart might be opened to receive the light and be led by the great Guide into the way of peace.

After a smart passage of eighty-seven days, the Asteroid arrived at Calcutta, and the way her crew worked unbending and stowing away sails as she was swiftly towed up the great river, extorted a few words of wondering praise from the pilot, one of those masterful chiefs of the piloting profession that only seem to attain their full development in Calcutta. "Fine crew you've got, Captain Vaughan," said he, as that gentleman and he promenaded the deck, while the sails fell around like autumn leaves.

"Yes, you may well say that," answered the skipper. "I don't want a better lot, more willing or more cheerful. And yet their being so is a profound mystery to me. Practically their smartness and their willingness is the result of one man's work, for a more miserable set of wastrels than the majority looked like when first they showed up, leaving London, you could hardly imagine. But that bo'sun of mine has worked miracles with 'em. He's got religion, has that fellow—the right kind ; and he not only taught them to obey him, to look slippy when they're called, an' to work without growling, but he's got 'em to sit and listen to him while he reads and expounds the Bible to 'em. I tell you, he makes me feel mighty 'shamed of myself, especially as he's made my life a very easy one. I haven't had a thing to trouble my head about all the passage, except the navigation ; neither has the mate. That fellow's done it all."

The pilot listened gravely until the skipper had finished, and then, with an air of wisdom, such as might become a man who was fully qualified to say the last word on the subject, replied : "Well, Captain Vaughan, what you say is very interesting as a study in superstitions. It is well worthy of attention, the manner in which these lower intelligences blindly attach themselves limpet-wise to some perfectly impossible farrago of jumbled-up ideas, and the lengths to which they will go in support of some theory for which they could not, if their lives depended upon it, bring one single reasonable proof. But I confess that your testimony to this man's behaviour is quite outside the ordinary range of my experience. Religion, of whatever brand, I have always found unfits a man or woman for the ordinary workaday business of the world ; makes them, in fact, more or less idiotic, while endowing them with a plausible cunning that is a very common feature of idiocy in general. That you should have a man here, in such a position as bo'sun, an open professor of religion, and withal a man who can do his work and make others do theirs, can keep his place, and his preaching for its proper time, whenever that may be, and at the end of three months can command your unqualified good word, is enough to make one think that the age of miracles is not yet past."

"You've exactly expressed my feelings in the matter, pilot," returned the captain, "except that I detect in

your tone a touch of incredulity. But I swear to you that I have studiously underrated the man to you, and I believe if you'll keep a close eye upon him during the short time you are on board, that you'll find it easier to believe me. Mind, I do believe that whether he'd got religion or not he'd be a first-class man, but he's compelled me to believe also that he certainly is a very much better man with religion than he would be without it. He tells the chaps that before he was converted——"

"Before he was what?" interjected the pilot.

"Now, you know what I said," laughed the skipper. "I'm not responsible for his terminology, neither am I going to enter into any discussion as to the meaning he attaches to the words he uses. Before he was 'converted,' he says he wasn't anything like so good a workman as he is now, because he didn't take the same interest in his work. He was lazy and drunken whenever he could possibly indulge in either of those habits, and, in fact, he lived the life of an intelligent animal without the wise instincts which prevent an animal from doing harm to its own body."

"I see," sighed the pilot. "I shall have to take a few days off and study this phenomenon of yours, captain, and then, if I'm any judge of the workings of a man's mind by what he says, I may as well study you likewise, for I believe, if your bo'sun dared to tell you what he's thinkin' about you, he would say: 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.'"

Startled beyond measure, the captain turned sharply, his face flushing crimson, upon the pilot, as if to say something in a hurry. But he could not find words, apparently, for after a pause he murmured: "Ah, pilot, although I am astonished to hear you quoting Scripture, I've got to say this: if getting into the kingdom of God will make me half as good a man as my bo'sun, I'll do all I can to get there. But there's the luncheon-bell. Can you come down with us, or shall I have yours sent up here?"

"Oh, I can come down. I think my leadsman is fully competent to take her along for the next dozen miles." And they disappeared below.

(To be continued.)

THY WILL BE DONE.

BY JOHN HAY,

Secretary of State for the United States.

Not in dumb resignation
We lift our hand on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist,
Content to trust and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle
Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto Thee,
"O Lord, Thy will be done!"

When tyrant feet are trampling
Upon the common weal,
Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe
Beneath the iron heel.

In Thy name we assert our right
By sword or tongue or pen,
And even the headsman's axe may flash
Thy message unto men.

Thy will! It bids the weak be strong;
It bids the strong be just;
No lips to fawn, no hand to beg,
No brow to seek the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath Thy liberal sun,
O Lord, be there Thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done!

—*Harper's Magazine.*

"WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?"

O hearts of men on whom this day
No light of better things hath shed;
From sin's black tomb turn swift away,—
"Seek not the living among the dead!"

O hearts of men whose hopes lie sere,
And o'er whose loss your hearts have bled,
'Tis life the Saviour brings you here,—
"Seek not the living among the dead!"

O hearts of men, why seek in vain
The joys which with the past have fled?
List to the angel's voice again,—
"Seek not the living among the dead!"

O hearts of men, to Him give heed
Who lives although for you He bled!
His life accept—'tis life indeed—
"Seek not the living among the dead!"

—*Rev. William E. Barton, D.D.*

IN THE DAYS OF WESLEY.*

E wonder what John Wesley would think of himself as a character in romance. He had not the horror of imaginative literature which some of his followers have exhibited. It is well known that he edited an edition of Brooke's "The Fool of Quality," as well as wrote a commentary on Shakespeare, both of which his less large-minded executors suppressed.

It is significant of the more strenuous thought of the period that some of the most successful tales of the times have had distinctively religious subjects, as, "The Christian," "The Master-Christian," and now Miss Braddon's "Infidel." The heroine of this story, the daughter of a London renegade clergyman and hack-writer, was brought up steeped in the free-thought of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists. By a romantic event she becomes the wife and widow of an Irish lord. She flaunts it amid the gayest devotees of fashion. But she comes under the power of Methodism, and especially under the personal spell of John Wesley. The potent example of Methodist zeal in saving the bodies, as well as the souls of men, breaks down her prejudice and leads to her acceptance of the evangelical religion. A vivid picture of the times is given, of the torchlight preaching of Whitefield, the sordid wretchedness of the poor, and heartless frivolity of the rich. The transforming power of Methodist teaching and practice are strikingly set forth in this remarkable tale.

We quote a few passages from this book as reflecting strongly the character and influence of that great man who more than any other moulded the religious life of the English-speaking world, not only for the time in which he lived, but we venture to say for all time.

At an evening service in John Wesley's chapel at the Old Foundry, George Stobart, a candidate for the affections of Antonia Thornton, had been "convicted of sin." Swift as the descent of the dove over the waters of the Jordan had been the awakening of his conscience from the long sleep of boyhood and youth. In that awful moment the depth of his iniquity had been opened to him, and he had discovered the hollowness of a life without God in the world.

Antonia Thornton had read Voltaire before she read the Gospel, and that inexorable pen had cast a blight over the sacred pages, and infused the poison of a malignant satire into the fountain of living waters. The cynic's blighting sneer had withered all that womanhood has of instinctive piety—of upward-looking reverence for the Christian ideal. There is no fire so scathing, no poison so searching, as the light ridicule of a master mind. The woman who had been educated by Voltaire could not find hope or comfort in the great apostle's argument for immortality. Was not Paul himself only trying to believe?

The circle in which Antonia Thornton moved had little sympathy with Methodism or with religion of any sort. Its spirit is shown in the following conversation:

"We shall meet in town next winter, perhaps, if you do not join the blue-stocking circle, the Montagus and Carters, or turn religious, and spend all your evenings listening to a cushion-thumping Methodist at Lady Huntingdon's pious soirees."

"Your ladyship may be sure I shall prefer Ranelagh to the Oxford Methodists. I was not educated to love cant."

"Oh, the creatures are sincere; some of them, I believe, sincere fanatics. And the Wesleys have good blood. Their mother was an Annesley, Lord Valentia's great-granddaughter. The Wesleys are gentlemen; and I doubt that is why people don't rave about them as they do about Whitefield, who was drawer in a Gloucester tavern."

George Stobart was brought under the influence of Wesley and became one of his most valued fellow-workers. He was in those years a soldier of the church militant, and had stood by John Wesley's side on more than one occasion when the missiles of a howling mob flew thick and fast around

* "The Infidel." A Romance. By M. E. Braddon. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Pp. 544. Price, $1.50.

that hardy itinerant, and when riot threatened to end in murder.

Mr. Wesley had given him a mission among the poorest wretches of Lambeth. He had set up a dispensary there, and schools for the children, and a night-class for grown men. He toiled among them for many hours three or four days a week. He went to the prisons and read to the condemned creatures, and came home broken-hearted at the cruelty of the law, at the sinfulness of mankind.

For the last two years George Stobart had been one of Wesley's favourite helpers, and had accompanied his chief in several of those itinerant journeys which made half England Wesleyan. He preached at Bristol, rode with Wesley, preaching at every stage of the journey, from Bristol to Falmouth, where he stood shoulder to shoulder with him in one of the worst riots the Christian hero ever faced. He was with him through the roughest encounters in Lancashire, stood beside him on the Market Cross at Bolton, when the great wild mob surged round them and stones flew thick and fast, and where, as if by a miracle, while many of the rabble were hurt, the preacher remained untouched.

In all this, in the effect of his own preaching, in the hazards and adventures of those long rides across the face of a country where most things were new, Stobart found unalloyed delight. He loved his mission in the streets and alleys of Lambeth, his visits to the London gaols, for here he had to wrestle with the devils of ignorance and blasphemy, to preach cleanliness to men and women who had been born and reared in filth, to meet the wants of a multitude with a handful of silver, to give counsel, sympathy, compassion where he could not give bread. This was work that pleased him. Here he felt himself the soldier and servant of Christ.

The following is a conversation between George Stobart and Antonia Thornton :

"We go among the untaught savages of a civilized country, madam. If there is need of God's word anywhere upon this earth it is needed where we go. Thousands of awakened souls answer for the usefulness of our labours."

"And you are content to pass your life in such work ? You have not taken it up for a year or so, to abandon it when the fever of enthusiasm cools ?"

"I have no such fever, madam. . . . My wife and I stand alone in the world. We have no friend but God, no profession but to serve Him."

"I wonder you do not go into the Church."

"The Church that has turned a cold shoulder upon Wesley and Whitefield is no Church for me. I can do more good as a free man."

Methodists were regarded as a strange social and religious phenomenon, as indicated by this conversation between Stobart and a fashionable lady :

"You are the first Methodist I have ever dined with," said Lady Peggy, keenly interested in a new specimen of the varieties of mankind, "so I hope you will tell me all about this religious revival which has made such a stir among the lower classes and sent Lady Huntingdon out of her wits."

"On my honour, madam, if but half the women of fashion in London were as sane as that noble lady, society would be in a much better way than it is."

"Oh, I grant you we have mad women enough. Nearly all the clever ones lean that way. But I doubt your religious mania is the worst, and a woman must be far gone who fills her house with a mixed rabble of crazy nobility and converted bricklayers. I am told Lady Huntingdon recognizes no distinctions of class among her followers."

"Nay, there you are wrong, Lady Peggy," cried Antonia, "for Mr. Whitefield preaches to the quality in her ladyship's drawing-room, but goes down to her kitchen to convert the rabble."

"Lady Huntingdon models her life upon the precepts of her Redeemer, madam," said Stobart, ignoring this interruption. "I hope you do not consider that an evidence of lunacy."

"There is a way of doing things, Mr. Stobart. God forbid I should blame anybody for being kind and condescending to the poor."

"Christians never condescend, madam. They have too acute a sense of their own lowness to consider any of their fellow creatures beneath them. They are no more capable of condescending toward each other than the worms that crawl in the same furrow."

"Ah, I see these Oxford Methodists have got you in their net. Well, sir, I admire an enthusiast, even if he is mistaken. Everybody in London is so much of a pattern that there are seasons when the wretch who fired the

Ephesian dome would be a welcome figure in company—since any enthusiasm, right or wrong, is better than perpetual flatness. . . . I confess to being sick of feather work and shell work, and the women who can think of nothing else, and even the musical fanatics weary me with their everlasting babble about Handel and the Italian singers. There is not a spark of mind among the whole army of cognoscenti. With a month's labour I'd teach the inhabitants of a parrot house to jabber the same flummery."

As George Stobart stood watching those radiant figures his imagination conjured up the vision of an alley in which he had spent his morning hours, going from house to house, with a famished crowd hanging on his footsteps, a scene of sordid misery he could not remember without a shudder. Oh, those hungry faces, those gaunt and spectral forms, skeletons upon which the filthy rags hung loose ; those faces of women that had once been fair before vice, want, and the smallpox disfigured them ; those villanous faces of men who had spent half their lives in gaol, of women who had spent all their womanhood in infamy, and, mixed with these, the faces of little children still unmarked by the brand of sin, children whom he had longed to gather up in his arms and carry out of that hell upon earth, had there been any refuge for such ! His heart sickened as he looked at the splendour of clothes and jewels, pictures, statues, curios, and thought how many of God's creatures might be plucked from the furnace and set on the highway to heaven for the cost of all that finery.

Antonia, now the widow of Lord Kilrush, finds occupation for her restless soul, sated and sickened with the inanities of fashionable life, addicts herself to works of philanthropy, to visitation of the poor and sick.

After a visit to a dying woman Stobart led Lady Kilrush through crowded courts and alleys, where every object that her eyes rested on was a thing that revolted or pained her—brutal faces, famished faces, lowering viciousness, despairing want, brazen impudence that fixed her with a bold stare, and then burst into an angry laugh at her beauty, or pointed scornfully to the diamonds in her ears. Insolent remarks were flung after her ; children in the gutters larded their speech with curses ; obscene exclamations greeted the strange apparition of a woman so unlike the native womanhood. Had she been some freak of nature at a show in Bartholomew Fair she could scarcely have been looked at with a more brutal curiosity.

Stobart held her arm fast in his, and hurried her through the filthy throng, hurried her past houses that he knew for dangerous—houses in which smallpox or gaol fever had been raging, fever as terrible as that of the year '50, when half the bar at the Old Bailey had been stricken with death during the long hours of a famous trial for murder. Gaol-birds were common in those rotten dens where King George's poor had their abode, and they brought smallpox and putrid fever home with them from King George's populous prisons, where the vile and the unfortunate, the poor debtor and the notorious felon, were herded cheek by-jowl in a common misery. He was careful to take her only into the cleanest houses, to steer clear of vice and violence. He showed her his best cases—cases where Gospel teaching had worked for good ; the people he had helped into a decent way of life—industrious mothers ; pious old women toiling for orphaned grandchildren ; young women, redeemed from sin, maintaining themselves in a semi-starvation, content to drudge twelve hours a day just to keep off hunger.

Her heart melted with pity and glowed with generous impulses. She clasped the women's hands, she vowed she would be their friend and helper, and showered her gold among them.

"Teach me how to help them," she said. "Oh, these martyrs of poverty ! Show me how to make their lives happier."

George Stobart left London early in April in Mr. Wesley's company, and rode with that indefatigable man through the rural English landscape, making from forty to fifty miles a day, and halting every day at some market cross or on some heathy knoll on the outskirts of town or village to preach the Gospel to listening throngs. The journey on this occasion took them through quiet agricultural communities and small market towns, where the ill-usage that Wesley had suffered at Bolton and at Falmouth was undreamed of among the congregations who hung upon his words and loved his presence.

He was now in middle life, hale and wiry, a small, neatly built man, with an extraordinary capacity of enduring fatigue and a serene temper which made light of scanty fare and rough quarters. He was an untiring

rider, but had never troubled himself to acquire the art of horsemanship, and as he mostly read a book during his country rides, he had fallen into a slovenly, stooping attitude over the neck of his horse. He had often been thrown, but rarely hurt, and had a Spartan indifference to such disasters. He loved a good horse, but was willing to put up with any beast that would carry him to the spot where he was expected. He hated to break an appointment, and was the most punctual as well as the most polite of men.

Meanwhile Stobart's wife had died and his affections were strongly drawn to the accomplished and brilliant Lady Kilrush.

"If you can keep your conscience clear of evil," said Wesley, "and win this woman from the toils of Satan you will do well; but tamper not with the truth, and if you fail in bringing her to a right way of thinking part company with her for ever. You know that I am your friend, Stobart. My heart went out to you at the beginning of our acquaintance, when you told me of your marriage with a young woman so much your inferior in worldly rank, for your attachment to a girl of the servant class recalled my own experience. The woman I loved best, before I met Mrs. Wesley, was a woman who had been a domestic servant, but whose intellect and character fitted her for the highest place in the esteem of all good people. Circumstances prevented our union—and—I made another choice."

He concluded his speech with an involuntary sigh, and George Stobart knew that the great leader who had many enthusiastic followers and helpers among the women of his flock, had not been fortunate in that one woman who ought to have been first in her sympathy with his work.

Stobart spent a month on the road with his chief, preaching at Bristol and to the Kingswood miners, and journeying from south to north with him, in company with one of Wesley's earliest and best lay-preachers, a man of humble birth, but greatly gifted for his work among assemblies, in which more than half of his hearers were heathens, to whom the word of God was a new thing—souls dulled by the monotony of daily toil, and only to be aroused from the apathy of a brutish ignorance by an emotional preacher. Those who had stood by Whitefield's side when the tears rolled down the miners' blackened faces knew how strong, how urgent, how pathetic must be the appeal, and how sure the result when that appeal was pitched in the right key.

The little band bore every hardship and inconvenience of a journey on horseback through all kinds of weather with unvarying good humour, for Wesley's cheerful spirits set them so fine an example of Christian contentment that they who were his juniors would have been ashamed to complain.

In some of the towns on their route Mr. Wesley had friends who were eager to entertain the travellers and in whose pious households they fared well. In other places they had to put up with the rough meals and hard beds of inns rarely frequented by gentlefolks or sometimes, belated in desolate regions, had to take shelter in a roadside hovel, where they could scarce command a loaf of black bread for their supper and a shakedown of straw for their couch.

A sermon of Whitefield's, preached to thousands of hearers on Kennington Common in the sultry stillness of an August night, had awakened a poor, sinning, suffering woman. She was one of the many who went to hear the famous preacher, prompted by idle curiosity, and who left him changed and exalted, shuddering at the sins of the past, horrified at the perils of the future. That wave of penitent feeling might have ebbed as quickly as it rose but for George Stobart, who found the sinner while the effect of Whitefield's eloquence was new, and completed the work of conversion—a work more easily accomplished, perhaps, by reason of Sally Dormer's broken health.

Antonia looked at him with something of awe in her gaze. She never heard him pray. He had argued with her; he had striven his hardest to make her think as he thought, but he had never prayed for her. Into that holier region, that nearer approach to the God he worshipped, she had never passed. The temple doors were shut against so obstinate an unbeliever, so hardened a scorner.

His face seemed the face of a stranger, transfigured by that rapture of faith in the spirit world, made so like to the angels, in whose actual and everlasting existence this man—this rational, educated Englishman, of an over-civilized epoch—firmly believed. He believed, and was made happy by his belief. This present life was of no more value to him than

the dull brown husk of the worm that knows it is to be a butterfly. To the Voltairian this thing was wonderful. The very strangeness of it fascinated her, and she listened with deepest interest to George Stobart's prayer.

The man believed in Him to whom he prayed, and presently the ice melted and the fire came, and the speaker forgot all surrounding things. The earthly fetters fell away from his liberated soul, and he was alone with his God, as much alone as Moses on the mountain, as Christ in the garden. Moving words came from the heart so deeply moved, burning words from the spirit on fire with an exalted faith.

Perhaps the thing that moved Antonia most was the unspeakable pity and compassion, the love that this man felt for the castaway. She had been told that the Oxford Methodists were a sanctimonious, pragmatical sect, whose heaven was an exclusive freehold, and who delighted in consigning their fellow-creatures to everlasting flames. But here she found sympathy with the sinner stronger than abhorrence of the sin. And her reason—that reason of which she was so proud—told her that with such a sinner none but an enthusiast could have prevailed. It needed the fiery speech of a Whitefield, the passionate appeal of an impassioned orator, to awaken a soul so dead.

The great revival had been the work of a handful of young men—men whom the Church might have kept had her rulers been able to gauge their power, but who had been sent into the fields to carry on their work of conversion as their Master was sent before them.

George Stobart worked among the sick and the dying with unflagging zeal; he gave them the best of himself, all that he had of faith in God and Christ, sustaining their spirits in the last awful hours of consciousness by his own exaltation. He gave them inexhaustible pity and love, the compassion that is only possible to a man of keen imagination and quick sympathies. He understood their inarticulate sorrows, and was able to lift their minds above the actual to the unseen, and to convince them of an eternity of bliss that should pay them for a life of misery—promise more easy to believe now that all life's miseries belonged to the past, and were dwarfed by the nearness of death.

"I am told," said Lady Kilrush, "that Whitefield is to preach at Kennington Common to-morrow night, to a vaster audience than his new tabernacle, large as it is, could contain, and I should like better to hear him under the starry vault of a June evening than in the sultry fustiness of a crowded meeting-house. I have even been interested in your description of those open-air meetings where you yourself have been a preacher. There is something romantic and heart-stirring in your picture of the rugged heath, the throng of humanity huddled together under a wild night sky, seeing not each other's faces, but hearing the beating of each other's hearts, the quickened breath of agitated feeling, and in the midst of that listening silence the shrill cry of some overwrought creature falling to the ground in a transport of agitation, which you and Mr. Wesley take to be the visitation of a divine power.

"I have not courage to go alone to such a meeting, and I do not care to ask any of my modish friends to go with me, though there are several among my acquaintance who are admirers of Mr. Whitefield and occasional attendants at Lady Huntingdon's pious assemblies. To them, did I express this desire, I might seem a hypocrite. You who have sounded the depths of my mind, and who know that although I am an unbeliever I have never been a scoffer, will think more indulgently of me."

A platform had been erected about six feet from the ground, and on this there had been placed a row of chairs and a table for the preacher, with a brass lantern standing on each side of the large quarto Bible. Whitefield was there with one of his helpers, a member of Parliament, his devoted adherent, and two ladies, one of whom was the Countess of Yarmouth's daughter, Lady Chesterfield, dowered with the blood of the Guelphs, and a fine fortune from the royal coffers, Whitefield's most illustrious convert, and a shining light in Lady Huntingdon's saintly circle.

From the preacher's platform almost to the edge of the common the crowd extended, black and dense, a company gathered from all over London, and compounded of classes so various that almost every metropolitan type might be found there, from the Churchman of highest dignity, come to criticise and condemn, to the street hawker, the professional mendicant, come to taste an excitement scarcely inferior to gin.

Whitefield's helper gave out the number of the hymn and recited the first two lines in slow and distinct tones. Then, with a burst of sound loud as the stormy breakers rolling over a rock-bound beach, there rose the voices of a multitude that none could number, harsh and sweet, loud and low, soprano and contralto, bass and tenor, mingled in one vast chorus of praise. The effect was stupendous, and Antonia felt a catching of her breath that was almost a sob. Did those words mean nothing after all? Was that cry of a believing throng only empty air?

A short extempore prayer followed from the helper. George Whitefield's voice had not yet been heard. The influence of his presence was enough, and it may have been that his dramatic instinct led him to keep himself in reserve till that moment of hush and expectancy in which he pronounced the first words of his text.

He stood there, supreme in a force that is rare in the history of mankind, the force that rules multitudes.

It was this dramatic genius that made Whitefield supreme over the masses. None could doubt the power of the man to stir the feelings, to excite, awaken, and alarm the ignorant and unenlightened, to melt and to startle even his superiors in education and refinement. None could deny that the man who began life as a pot-boy in a Gloucester tavern was the greatest preacher of his time.

Like many other of Whitefield's sermons which moved multitudes, there was little left after the last resonance of the mighty voice had sunk into silence. But the immediate effect of his oration was tremendous. Garrick had said that he would give a hundred pounds if he could say "Oh" like Whitefield; and what Garrick could not do must have been something of exceptional power.

Meantime Stobart, hopeless of winning Lady Kilrush's love, had gone as a volunteer in the British army to Canada. There was no fresh news from America, but the tone about the war was despondent. Wolfe's army before Quebec was but nine thousand, the enemy's force nearly double. Amherst was at a distance, winter approaching, the outlook of a universal blackness.

"The general has hardly any hopes," said Patty. "He has seen Wolfe's last letter, such a down-hearted letter; and the poor man is fitter to lie abed in a hospital than to storm a city. He has always been an invalid, never could abide the sea, and suffers more on a voyage than a delicate young woman."

Lady Kilrush woke one day to hear newsboys yelling in the square, "Taking of Quebec. A glorious victory. Death of General Wolfe. Death of General Montcalm." Victory purchased at what cost of blood, what sacrifice of lives that were dear? She had met old General Wolfe and his handsome wife, now a widow, the hero's proud mother; and it was sad to think of that lady's agony to-day, while all England was rejoicing, all who had not lost their dearest, as she had.

Both generals slain! And how many of those they had led in battle? Were George Stobart's bones lying on the Heights of Abraham, the prey of eagles and wolves, or buried hastily by some friendly hand, hidden for ever under that far-off soil, which the winter snow would soon cover?

He had not been an idle servant while he was with his regiment. He had preached the Gospel wherever he could find hearers, had been instant in season and out of season, and although his superior officers were disposed to docket him as a religious monomaniac, after the manner of Methodists, they had never found him troublesome or insubordinate.

"Mr. Stobart is a gentleman," said the major. "And if expounding the Scriptures to a parcel of unbelieving rascals can console him for short rations, and keep him warm in a temperature ten degrees below zero—why, who would deny him that luxury?"

After this stormy episode George Stobart returned to England and flung himself heart and soul into his work as an itinerant preacher, riding through the country with Mr. Wesley, preaching at any of the smaller towns and outlying villages to which his leader sent him, and confronting the malice of "baptized barbarians" with a courage as imperturbable as Wesley's. To be welcomed with pious enthusiasm or to be assailed with the vilest abuse seemed a matter of indifference to the Methodist itinerants. Their mission was to carry the tidings of salvation to the lost sheep of Israel, and more or less of ill-usage suffered on their way counted for little in the sum of their lives. 'Twas a miracle, considering the violence of the mob and the inefficiency of rustic constables, that not one of these en-

thusiasts lost his life at the hands of enemies scarce less ferocious than the Indians on the banks of the Monongahela.

But in those savage scenes it seemed ever as if a special providence guarded John Wesley and his followers. Many and many a time the rabble rout seemed possessed by Moloch, and the storm of stones and clods flew fast around the preacher's head, and again and again he passed unharmed out of the demoniac herd. Missiles often glanced aside and wounded the enemy, for the aim of blind hate was seldom true, and if Wesley did not escape injury on every occasion his wounds were never serious enough to drive him from the stand he had taken by the market cross or in the churchyard, in outhouse or street, on common or hillside. He might finish his discourse while a stream of blood trickled down his face, or the arm that he would fain have raised in exhortation hung powerless from a blow, but in none of his wanderings had he been silenced or acknowledged defeat.

John Wesley was not without compassion for a friend and disciple for whom he had something of a fatherly affection. He, too, had been called upon to renounce the woman he loved, the excellent, gifted, enthusiastic Grace Murray, whose humble origin was forgotten in the force and purity of her character. He had been her affianced husband, had thought of her for a long time as his future wife, lived in daily companionship with her on his pious pilgrimages, made her his helpmeet in good works, and yet, on the assertion of a superior claim, he had given her to another.

It was in the early morning, after one of his five o'clock services at the Foundry, that he was told a lady desired to see him. He had but just come in from the chapel, and his breakfast was on the table in the neat parlour where he lived and worked, a Spartan breakfast of oatmeal porridge, with the luxury of a small pot of tea and a little dry toast.

Mr. Wesley had many uninvited visitors, and it was nothing new for him to be intruded on even at so early an hour. He rose to receive the lady, and motioned her to a seat with a stately graciousness. He was a small man, attired with an exquisite neatness in a stuff cassock and breeches, and black silk stockings and shoes with large silver buckles. His benign countenance was framed in dark auburn hair that fell in waving masses, like John Milton's, and which at this period showed no touch of gray.

"In what matter can I have the honour to serve you, madam?" he asked.

"I have come to you in great trouble of mind, sir," the lady began in a low voice. "I am a very unhappy woman."

"Many have come to me in the same sad plight, madam, and I have found but one way of helping them. 'Tis to lead them to the foot of the cross. There alone can they find the Friend who can make their sorrows here their education for heaven."

"I rose after a sleepless night and came through the darkness to hear you preach. If I cannot believe all that you believe I can appreciate the wisdom and the purity of your discourse."

"Look into your heart, madam, and if you can find faith there, but as a grain of mustard seed——"

"Alas, sir, I look into my heart and find only emptiness. My heart aches with the monotony of life. I stand alone, unloved and unloving. I have tasted all the pleasures this world can offer, have enjoyed all, and wearied of all. I come to you in my weariness as the first preacher I have ever listened to with interest. You believe, sir, in instantaneous conversions—in a single act of faith than can make a Christian in a moment?"

"The Scriptures warrant that belief, madam. All the conversions related in the Gospel were instantaneous. Yet I will own that I was once unwilling to believe in the miracle of Christian perfection attained by a single impulse of the soul."

"And you think that Christian perfection attained in a moment will stand the wear and tear of life, and be strong enough to resist the world, the flesh, and the devil?" Antonia asked with an incredulous smile.

"Nay, madam, I dare not affirm that all who think themselves justified are secure of salvation. These sudden recruits are sometimes deserters. But I have never despaired of a sinner, madam; nor can I believe that a spirit so bright as yours will be lost eternally. Long or late, the hour of sanctifying grace must come."

"Perhaps, Mr. Wesley, had you been reared as I was—taught to doubt the existence of a God before I was old enough to read the Gospel—you would be no less sceptic than I am."

"I was indeed more fortunate—

for I was born into a household of faith. Yet I have never hardened my heart gainst the man or woman whose education has only taught them to doubt. I thank God that I learned to love Him and to walk in His ways before I learned to pry into the mysteries of His being or to question His dealings with mankind."

And then, gradually won to fullest confidence by his quick sympathy, Antonia told John Wesley much of her life story, only avoiding, with an exquisite delicacy, all those passages which touched the secrets of a woman's heart.

"If it will help your noble charities that I should read the New Testament to your people, I would as lief do so as not." And then she went on with a sigh, "Ah, sir, if you knew how I envy you the faith which opens new worlds now that I have lost all interest in this one."

One of Mr. Wesley's best gifts was the faculty of order, and all things done under his direction were done with an admirable method and proportion. His loan society, which made advances of twenty shillings and upward to the respectable poor—to be repaid in weekly instalments—his dispensary, his day and night classes, all testified to his power of organization. From the days when, a poor scholar at Oxford, he lived like an anchorite of the desert in order that he might feed starving prisoners and rescue fallen women, he had been experienced in systematic charity. From him, in the hours he could spare her before starting on his northern pilgrimage, she learned how to distribute her alms with an unfailing justice, and how to make the best use of her time. Her visits in those homes of sickness and penury, which might have been hopelessly dreary without his directing spirit, became full of interest in the light of his all-comprehending mind.

In the garrets and cellars, where Lady Kilrush sat beside the bed of the sick and the dying, she found a fervour of unquestioning faith that startled and touched her. For these sufferers the Bible she read was no history of things long past and done with, no story of a vanished life. It was the message of living Friend, a Redeemer waiting to give them welcome in the kingdom of the just made perfect, the world where there is no death. He who had promised the penitent a dwelling in Paradise was at the door of the death-chamber; and to die was to pass to a life more beautiful than a child's dream of heaven.

The message that she carried to others was for her also. She learned to love the wise Teacher, the beneficient Healer, the Saviour of mankind. That name of Saviour pleased her. For the theologian's point of view she was, perhaps, no more a Christian than she had ever been. She dared not tell John Wesley, whom she revered, and who now accepted her as a brand snatched from the burning, that her faith was not his faith, that she was neither convinced of sin nor assured of grace.

Her awakening had been no sudden act, like the descent of the Spirit of Pentecost, but a gradual change in her whole nature, the widening of her sympathies, the growth of pity and of love. It was not of Christ the sacrifice she thought, not of His atoning blood, but of Jesus the great exemplar, of Jesus who went about doing good. She would not question how it came to pass, but she believed that, in the dim long ago, Divinity walked among mankind and wore the shape of man; to what end, except to make men better, she knew not. In all her conversation with Wesley's converts, however exalted their ideas might be, the earthly image was in her mind, Jesus, human and compassionate, the comforter of human sorrows, the sinless one who loved sinners.

Wesley rejoiced with exceeding joy in her conversion. He had met her from time to time in the dwellings of the poor, had sat with her beside the bed of the dying, had seen her often among his congregation, and he believed that the work of grace had begun, and that it needed but good influences to insure her final perseverance.

Lady Kilrush, true to the memory of her deceased husband, refused the proffered love of George Stobart, fled to Lord Kilrush's estate in Ireland to devote herself to the religious instruction and social uplift and betterment of his long-neglected tenants, and soon fell a victim to her zeal. In the following words John Wesley describes the closing scene:

"Alas, George, that noble being, whom we have both loved and revered, no longer inhabits this place of sin and sorrow, and I dare hope that her pure and gentle spirit has taken flight to a better world, and now enjoys the companionship of saints and angels.

"Her death was worthy to rank in the list of martyrs. You may have heard that this city—the filth and squalor of whose poorer streets and

alleys no pen can depict—was lately visited by an outbreak of smallpox. Secure from the disease herself by past suffering, she spent her days and nights in ministering to the sick, aided in this pious work by a band of holy women of the Roman Catholic faith, and by such hired nurses as her purse could command.

"For six weeks she laboured without respite, scarcely allowing herself time for food or sleep; and when my itinerant ministry brought me to Limerick I found her marked for death.

"Her senses came back to her within an hour of the last change. She knew me and received the sacrament from my hand.

"I had been kneeling by her bedside in silent prayer for some time, her marble hand clasped in mine, when she cried out suddenly, 'Husband, I have kept my vow,' and looking upward with a seraphic smile, her spirit passed into eternity."

WHO SHALL ROLL AWAY THE STONE?

What poor weeping ones were saying
  Eighteen hundred years ago,
We, the same weak faith betraying,
  Say in our sad hours of woe;
Looking at some trouble lying
  In the dark and dread unknown,
We, too, often ask with sighing,
  "Who shall roll away the stone?"

Thus with care our spirits crush'ng,
  When they might from care be free
And in joyous song outgushing,
  Rise, with rapture, Lord, to Thee—
For before the way was ended,
  Oft we've had with joy to own,
Angels have from heaven descended,
  And have rolled away the stone.

Many a storm-cloud sweeping o'er us,
  Never pours on us its rain;
Many a grief we see before us,
  Never comes to cause us pain;
Ofttimes in the feared to-morrow
  Sunshine comes—the cloud has flown—
Ask not then in foolish sorrow,
  "Who shall roll away the stone?"

Burden not thy soul with sadness,
  Make a wiser, better choice;
Drink the wine of life with gladness—
  God doth bid thee, man, rejoice.
In to-day's bright sunshine basking,
  Leave to-morrow's fears alone;
Spoil not present joys by asking,
  "Who shall roll away the stone?"

Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.
—*Burns.*

SENATOR GEORGE A. COX.

HON. SENATOR COX.

THE burden of poverty is a theme that has been much dilated upon, but the burden of wealth is one that is too generally thought to be of down. To the men of genius in the world of art, science, and letters, we hasten to do honour, and rightly so, but to the men of genius in finance, who are developing the industrial resources of our country and promoting prosperity among her citizens—to these, also, we ought to do honour.

In the insurance and financial world of Canada to-day there is perhaps no more prominent name than that of Senator George A. Cox.

In the founding of a great corporation in Ontario, in the opening of the coal-fields of the North-West, and in developing the iron industries of Nova Scotia, not only has he profited personally, but the community has shared his prosperity as well. He has acquired his wealth by developing the resources of his country, and is a living testimony to the fact that men of ability do not need to migrate to another land to acquire wealth. It can be done in Canada by the right men.

Some one has said of him that he was never happy as "when he had run himself into a tight place financially, and was planning a way out." It is this spirit of delight in surmounting difficulties that has carried him to the top. For certainly his early advantages were only such as belonged to thousands of Canadian boys.

George Albertus Cox was born in the village of Colborne, Ont., in the year 1840, and was of English descent. After receiving such educational training as those early days afforded, at the age of sixteen he began his career as an operator for the Montreal Telegraph Company in his native village. So thoroughly did he discharge his duties in this capacity that the Company appointed him as its agent in Peterborough. Here for thirty years he laboured tirelessly and steadily up the steep hill of fortune.

Much of the commercial and municipal life of Peterborough is indissolubly linked with his name. For seven years he was mayor of the town, four times by acclamation and three times by election. It was while there he became local representative of the Canada Life Insurance Company and of the Western Assurance Company.

In 1878 he took one of the most important steps in his career, when he became president of the Midland Railway of Canada at the request of its creditors. When he assumed the management of the Midland, the stock was selling at seventeen cents on the dollar. A few years later the property was sold to the Grand Trunk Railway, and so great had been the improvement that its securities were worth more than par. This sale was the foundation of Mr. Cox's fortune.

To him is due the honour of being the founder and first president of the Central Canada Loan and Savings Company. In 1888 he moved to Toronto, and a few years later became president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. In 1896 Mr. Cox was appointed member of the Dominion Senate. Since that he has received the additional honour of the presidency of the Canada Life Assurance Company, the welfare of which has been for forty years one of his most heartfelt interests.

But a man unspoiled by wealth and worldly honours Senator Cox has ever remained. In spite of his varied finan-

cial and business cares he has found considerable time to devote to religious, educational, and philanthropic work. He is a regent of Victoria University, as well as one of its bursars. He has also been for some time president of the Ontario Ladies' College, of Whitby. He is a member and loyal supporter of the Methodist Church and an active temperance worker. Being a total abstainer, he is a living lesson that the treating system holds no necessary place in the business world.

His life has been free from much of the excitement that usually goes with the amassing of fortunes. No wild speculations, no harrowing hours on the brink of poverty—he seems to have gone steadily on step by step from one great enterprise to another. With his power to read men at a glance and assign each to his place, with his unswerving integrity, his unlimited capacity for work, and his business sagacity, he has overcome life's obstacles in a way that would make it seem as though he had planned each of his successes from the very beginning of his career, and had set deliberately about their accomplishment. But amid all his enterprise and achievement, nothing better reveals his character than the countless acts of generosity of which one hears only by chance now and again, and of which the world in general never hears at all.

THE EMPTY TOMB.

BY HORATIUS BONAR.

Yes, death's last hope, his strongest fort and prison
  Is shattered, never to be built again;
And He, the mighty Captive, He is risen,
  Leaving behind the gate, the bar, the chain.

Yes, He is risen, Who is the First and Last;
  Who was and is; Who liveth and was dead;
Beyond the reach of death He now has passed;
  Of the one glorious Church the Glorious Head.

The tomb is empty; so, ere long shall be
  The tombs of all who in this Christ repose;
They died with Him who died upon the tree,
  They live and rise with Him who lived and rose.

Death has not slain them; they are freed, not slain.
  It is the gate of life, and not of death,
That they have entered; and the grave in vain
  Has tried to stifle the immortal breath.

All that was death in them is now dissolved;
  For death can only what is death's destroy;
And when this earth's short ages have revolved,
  The disimprisoned life comes forth with joy.

Their life-long battle with disease and pain,
  And mortal weariness, is over now;
Youth, health, and comeliness return again,
  The tear has left the cheek, the sweat the brow.

They are not tasting death, but taking rest,
  On the same holy couch where Jesus lay,
Soon to awake, all glorified and blest,
  When day has broke and shadows fled away.

Current Topics and Events.

"Say not that the former days are better than these."

Our Country's Shame.

It is with a feeling of shame that one reads of the strange spectacle in the Ontario Legislature of a member-elect charging a Minister of the Crown with the base and sordid crime of purchasing with filthy lucre—filthy enough—his desertion of his party. A deadly stigma is cast upon the fair fame of our country, as the news is telegraphed to every part of the civilized world. We may charitably hope that some explanation may relieve the accused of the shame and disgrace of sapping the very foundations of the commonweal; but if guilty, he should he driven from public life; if, indeed, a still heavier penalty should not be inflicted.

Are the basal principles of public morality being forgotten? Is one tithe of the current accusation of fraud and corruption true? The revelation of the lying and personation and ballot-box stuffing in the referendum vote shows a moral callousness that augurs ill for our country's future. These deeds of darkness should be brought to light. A commission of upright and incorruptible judges should probe to the utmost these charges of wrong, whether in high places or low. At any cost, the purity of the elections, the safeguard of the commonweal, must be maintained.

Better Days for Working Men.

There are chronic pessimists who continually tell us that the former days were better than these, that the world is getting worse instead of better, that everything is on the down grade. If these prophets of evil would only look around them they would see on every side contradictions of their hopeless philosophy. Only forty years ago a tremendous civil war over the existence of slavery almost rent asunder the United States. Now the nation is united as never before, slavery is abolished, and Bishop Hartzell declares that no nine millions of Africans in the world exhibit such a high standard of moral, physical, and social advantages as those in the great republic. Shortly before the abolition of American slavery the Czar of Russia emancipated by the stroke of his pen over twenty millions of serfs who were bought and sold with the land which they tilled. The wages

THE TWO STANDARDS.

of the working man have enormously increased, as have also his savings in the bank and his expenditures for food, clothing, furniture, houses, every necessary of life. Our cartoon on p. 371 strikingly shows the tremendous advances made in the condition of the working man.

At It Still.

One would have hoped that with the return of peace to South Africa Mr. Stead would have taken a rest from his prophecies of evil concerning his country. But he is at it still with as much vivacity as ever. He declares that since the war England has become the vassal of her two masters, the United States and Germany. We have got to knuckle down to both whenever the Kaiser and the American Senate pleases. America, by which he means the United States, "gives us day by day our daily bread; and it would be better to frankly recognize the inevitable and merge our destiny with that of our mightier offspring beyond the sea."

The fact of the matter is, Britain only found herself during and since the war. She realized, and the nations of the earth have realized, the tremendous strength of that Empire, with limitless resources of virgin soil in South Africa, Australia, Canada, and enormous military resources in India. Her own dependencies can furnish food supplies and all the raw material needed for her manufactures. Her dockyards, her mines, her factories have been booming as never before, and exporting largely to the United States.

Even Mr. Stead has to admit that under British administration Egypt has been transformed from a condition of chronic famine to one of prosperity and contentment. In Cairo, he admits, "there is not one hungry man."

Our next item shows that John Bull is wide awake after all.

John Bull, Wide Awake.

In his Review of Reviews Mr. Stead has for months had a scream head-line "John Bull, Wake Up," and has proved very much to his own satisfaction that the old fellow is sound asleep. He asserts that his trade and industries are decadent, that he is industrially and politically but a vassal of the United States. Not so thinks The Scientific American, the leading scientific paper of the United States, now in its fifty-eighth year. A recent leading article is devoted to a contrast between British and American methods of construction of public works. It quotes the American consul-general at Cairo as saying of the British irrigation works on the Nile, "The boldness of the idea and the thoroughness of the undertaking rank with anything that has ever been done in this land of Titanic achievements. It may be, indeed, doubted whether any of the great works of Egypt has had so beneficent an effect on this country as will this great engineering triumph."

The great dam at Asuan is a mile and a quarter long, one hundred feet wide at the bottom, one hundred and thirty-two feet high, and contains over a million tons of masonry. The contract time was only five years, yet it was completed in less than four. The difficulties of construction were very great. The current was at times fifteen miles an hour.

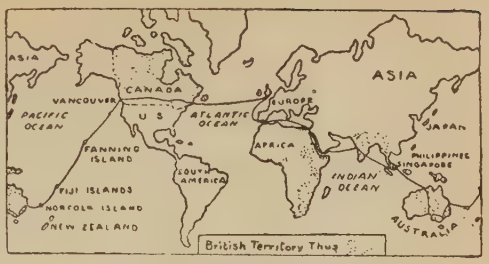
The Asyut dam, another tremendous structure, begun in 1899, was finished in three years, or a year less than the contract time. It required a million and a half sandbags to construct merely temporary embankments.

In contrast with these is the Croton dam, N.Y., only twelve hundred feet long, though considerably higher than that at Asuan. It has been under construction for over ten years and will not be finished till October,

1904, thus taking three times as long to construct a very much smaller dam than the British took for the tremendous Asuan works.

Great Britain is determined to still lead the world in naval construction. Her new naval programme provides for 18,000-ton ships, which will cost $7,000,000 each to build and equip. A British shipyard has just launched, in less than ten months from beginning the construction, the most powerful fighting ship for her size afloat. An American shipyard has been over four years on a ship of similar character, which is not yet completed. The British built ship will deliver in one minute 13½ tons of metal whose combined energies will amount to 1,700,000 foot tons. Britain's navy is for defence, not defiance. It is the insurance she pays on the safety of her national commerce and national life.

H. M. Gleason, naval constructor U.S.N., in The Scientific American, sets forth the striking advantage of the steam turbine employed in the British torpedo destroyers, over the reciprocating engine. Its weight per horse-power developed is only 21.3 pounds, against 150 pounds of the ordinary steam engine. Its consumption of coal is very much less. It occupies much less space and develops much higher speed.

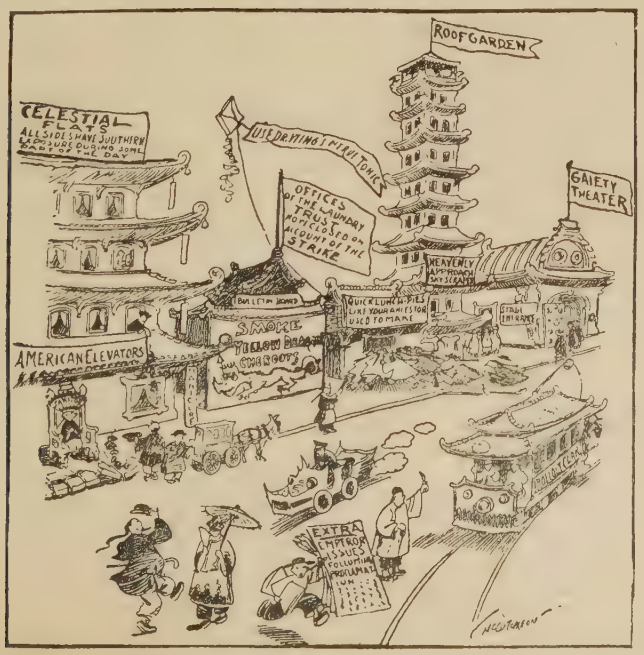


MAP SHOWING THE ALL-BRITISH CABLE.

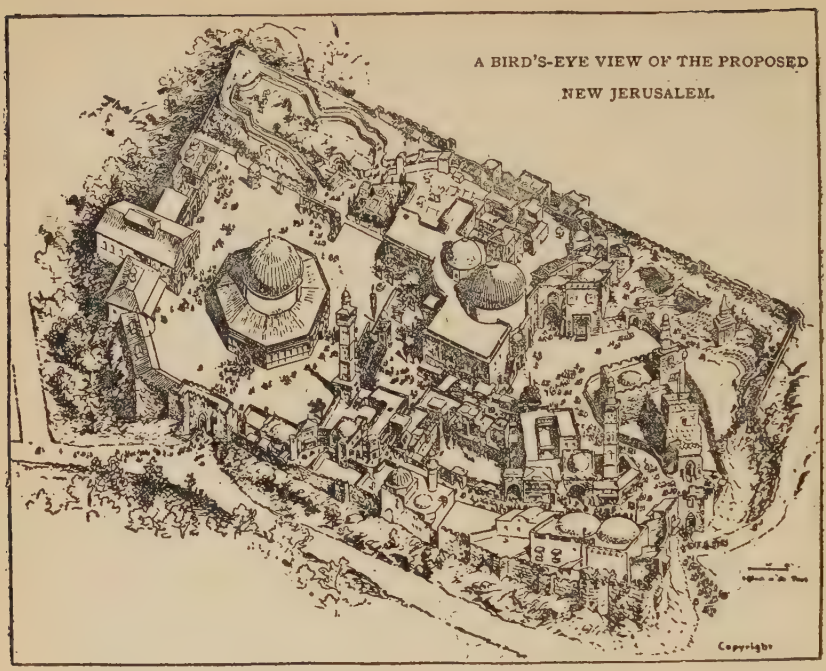
The All-British Cable.

At last, says The Literary Digest, Puck's boast that he would "put a girdle around the earth," which has been often applied to telegraphy, is fulfilled. The Pacific is spanned by a cable. That the English enterprise is completed sooner than our own is doubtless the reason why we have heard so little about it from our own press. The Scientific American remarks:

"This new cable brings the Australasian colonies ten thousand miles nearer to Canada than they were before, and at the same time opens up



THE AMERICANIZATION OF CHINA.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PROPOSED NEW JERUSALEM.

possibilities of other substantial improvements in imperial communications. Across the Pacific, from Vancouver to Queensland, the cable touches only British territory; and now there is completed a telegraph girdle of the world which touches foreign territory only at Madeira and St. Vincent, in the Cape Verde Islands, both belonging to an old ally, Portugal. Thus the Empire is bound together by what is all but an all-British line, giving an alternative means of communication free from the grave dangers which at critical moments would threaten connection with the colonies by the previously existing route. The new route will have a further great advantage in speed, since it has only three transmissions across the Pacific, all on British soil, in place of over a dozen belonging to various nationalities."

There is also an alternative British cable route by way of Cape Town, and another through the Red Sea.

The Americanization of China.

Our cartoon on page 373 shows with some exaggeration the not always beneficial influence of western civilization on the old lands of the Orient. The American trolley cars and automobiles and the sky-scraper towers are all very well, but the extension of the deadly cigar and cigarette, and the rush and turmoil indicated by the quick lunch, with its necessary demand for nerve tonic, and other like features, are not an unmixed benefit.

The City of Jerusalem at the St. Louis Fair.

A reproduction of the city of Jerusalem promises to be one of the most striking features of the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904. The reproduced city, which will cover a tract of ten acres located in the heart of the Fair, will be enclosed by a wall, which will be a fac-simile of that which encloses the sacred city to-day, and whose gates will be reproduced in exact form and size. Within these walls will be reproduced all the sacred places and buildings, including the Mosque of Omar, which stands upon the site of the ancient Temple, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Tower of David, the Pool of Hezekiah, and other places of sacred interest.

There will also be the reproduction all the most interesting features of present-day life of Jerusalem. About 500 natives of the present-day city, representing all its different ranks

and nationalities, will be imported for the purpose.

Mr. Chamberlain's visit, so disparaged and discounted by Mr. Stead, is highly praised by The Outlook and The Independent. He has conciliated the Boers of the Transvaal and Orange Colony; he has rebuked and confuted the irreconcilables who would tear in shreds the treaty which they solemnly signed at Vereeniging last May. He has won from the mine-owners of the Rand the pledge of one hundred and fifty millions towards the war debt, but found his most difficult task in the bitterness of the Boer preachers of the Cape. But the leaders of the Africander Bund have pledged

war lord. The Kaiser claims the similar inspiration, varying only in degree, of Hammurabi, Moses, Homer, Goethe, and his own illustrious grandfather. He modestly declines to come any further down. The odious life and heartless cruelty of Goethe are in strange discord to his "inspiration" in any other sense than that God gave him intellect of which he made very bad use.

The war clouds are gathering over the Balkan peninsula. The irrepressible conflict between the Crescent and the Cross seems imminent. The patriotic Macedonians on the one hand, and the ferocious Albanians on the other, seem likely to precipitate a seri-

MAP SHOWING GREEK FRONTIER.

their influence to promote peace and good-will. Time, the mighty healer, will smooth the asperities of war. "The grass soon grows," says Froude, "over blood shed upon the field of battle; over blood shed upon the scaffold, never." Of the latter there has been none. Britain's splendid policy of justice and clemency alike to white and black, to friend and foe, will work out the regeneration of South Africa.

The versatile Kaiser appears in a new role, that of biblical commentator and interpreter. But questions of biblical criticism, either higher or lower, are not settled by the "mailed fist" or even by the dictum of a mighty

our war despite the earnest efforts of the great powers to prevent it. Our map shows the storm centre. The dotted line shows the frontier between Greece and Turkey. The black lines show the Greek railways from the port of Volo to Larissa and Trikara. To the north-east of the cut is Salonica, the ancient Thessalonica, the Turkish base of supplies. Directly south of the cut is southern Greece and Athens.

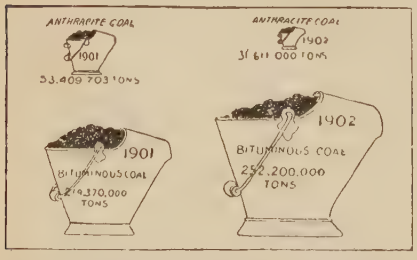
We do not care to join the denunciation of the American jurists on the Alaska boundary dispute. One journal goes so far as to say the Americans are playing the game with loaded dice —a very unjust aspersion, we think.

It would be hard to find an American who is not convinced of the justice of his country's claim, or a Canadian who is not convinced of the righteousness of ours. But these men are surely capable of sifting the evidence and arriving at a just conclusion. With such strong Canadian representation as we shall have we may calmly wait for a just decision. If the jurists cannot agree, then the question must go to The Hague tribunal.

King Edward has shown his tactful courtesy to the United States by the loan of Queen Victoria's priceless collection of Jubilee presents for exhibition at the St. Louis World's Fair. Our American cousins may discount royalty, but they dearly love its insignia and pomp and pageantry, and no exhibit will be studied with greater interest than these loyal and loving tributes to the great Queen.

Sir William Van Horne says we have been enlarging the hopper of our great granary of the North-West, but have not been enlarging the spout. The purchase of the Elder-Dempster line by the C. P. R., and development of transatlantic business, will remove this difficulty. We will be no longer, as Sir William remarked, "doing business on a back street," but with our reinforced freight and passenger lines will bid for the commerce of the continent.

The Coal Famine.



Hard and soft coal production in 1901 and 1902, showing the effects of the hard coal strike. —The New York Herald.

The coal famine has probably passed its crisis, but not without causing great suffering, often sickness, and in many cases death, to its victims. The findings of the commission appointed to investigate the causes, and, if possible, to cure such a state of civil war—for such it is—reveal much wrong on both sides—heartless oppression by the mining corporations, cruel outrages upon non-union workers by the miners. It still is true, as Burns long since sadly sung:

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

Our cartoon shows in a thumb-nail sketch the striking disparity between the output of the years 1901 and 1902, especially in anthracite coal.

Rural Mail Delivery.

Whatever increases the value of our farm lands, and adds to the attractiveness of rural life is assuredly a matter not to be overlooked. The rural mail delivery has thus an undisputed claim to our attention. Says The Sun, in reference to this subject: "An appreciable rise in the price of farm lands, lying along free delivery routes, of $2 or $3 per acre, follows the introduction of the service. The Farmers' Institute, South Oxford, has already passed a resolution requesting the Government to establish rural free delivery in that district.

As a result of automatic machinery, says The Scientific American, four thousand men at Homestead, Pa., produce three times as much steel as the Krupp works with fifteen thousand men. Three men can charge twenty furnaces by use of electrical machines, which used to employ over two hundred men.

"So much is said nowadays," says The Scientific American, "on both sides of the Atlantic about the decadence of British shipping, that the recent returns for 1901 issued by the British Board of Trade are interesting reading. According to this Government return, British shipping trade with this country last year aggregated 14,426,108 tons, of which 12,626,874 tons were British bottoms, and only 479,464 tons American."

Religious Intelligence.

"HE IS NOT HERE; HE IS RISEN."

The Resurrection Power.

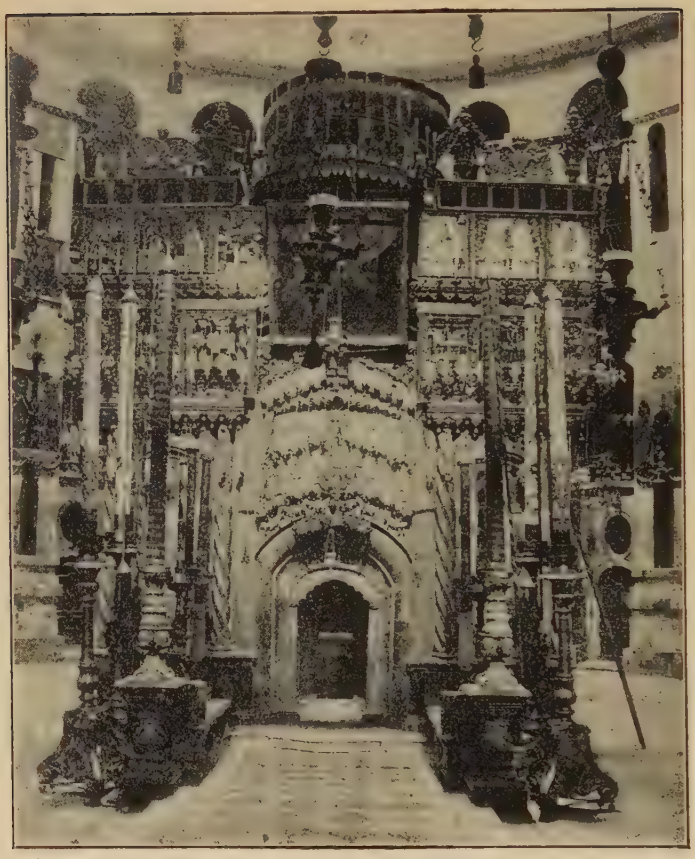
The empty tomb, the fallen slab, the white-robed angel—these are not alone the tokens of a resurrection from the dust of the grave. They mean all this. But, thanks be unto God, they mean more than this. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Not only from the dust of the earth, but from the dust of our earthly selves we may rise by His grace.

Are we unhappy, discontented Christians whose trust in God is weak, whose step faltering? Let us look unto the power of His resurrection and be lifted up from "our dead selves to higher things." There is a place we may reach where there is no more worry and anxiety, and care. We need to rise out of our troubled selves.

Are we grasping, self-seeking in business, striving six days in the week to acquire worldly wealth and honour, and on the seventh trying to think a little of God in order to make sure of heaven at last? If so, there is a possible resurrection for us to a better life than we have ever yet known. We may rise to the consecration of our six days of work as well as our one day of worship. No matter how high the plane on which we stood last Easter, there is room for us to rise higher to-day. We must needs be ever-rising Christians if we would be worthy a risen Lord. Are we using the resurrection to its fullest extent—are we rising thus from our sin and sordidness and earthly ideals as well as from the fear of the grave?

Where the Lord Lay.

Our picture of the Holy Sepulchre shows the spot that is regarded by the Greek and Latin, Armenian, Syrian, Abyssian and Coptic Churches as the most sacred spot in the world. It was to rescue this traditional tomb of our Lord from the hands of the infidel that for two hundred years the crusades were waged in which, to use the words of the Byzantine princess, Anna Comnena, "all Europe was hurled upon Asia." Thousands of Greek and Latin pilgrims every Easter



"THE HOLY SEPULCHRE."

visit this sacred place, enter at its lowly door, and passionately kiss the marble tomb. Yet the jealousies of the eastern sects are so intense that an armed guard of Turkish soldiers is on duty to prevent riot and bloodshed such as more than once has stained the sacred place. The lamps and candles and decorations in front of the tomb are in garish taste, the great wax candles being as large as a man's body and elaborately painted with religious designs. It is a relief to turn away from this scene of superstition and strife to visit the quiet hillside tomb without the walls which most Protestants believe to be the real sepulchre of our Lord.

Some Easter Lessons.

Christ's resurrection changed every aspect of death and the grave. All had been dark before; now the light of hope shines in the chamber where the Christian sleeps.

St. Paul, in his wonderful chapter on the Resurrection, uses the analogy of the seed. "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." The secret of life that is folded up in the seed cannot be developed until the seed has died. So there are lovely and blessed possibilities in our human life which cannot be realized while we stay in the body. Life cannot be completed without death. The greatest misfortune which could befall any one would be that he should never die. That which we dread so much, from which we shrink as if it were the end—the extinction of life—is really but the gateway to all that is best and richest and holiest in life. We must die to realize the highest blessedness of life, just as the little brown seed must die before it can live in its final beautiful form as a lovely plant.

Dying itself is an experience we need

not trouble ourselves about. It is probably little more serious than falling asleep at night. It will not hurt us in any way. It will blot out no beautiful thing in our life. It will end nothing that is really worth while. Dying is not a boundary, but merely an incident in the way. It is not a wall cutting off our path and ending our journey; it is a gate through which we shall pass into fuller, larger life.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

Roosevelt on Wesley.

The Wesley bicentenary celebration began under splendid auspices in the great meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York, on February 26th. It was addressed by President Roosevelt, Chancellor Day, and Bishop Andrews. The President paid a splendid tribute to pioneer Methodism in the New World. He showed how that before the Revolution, although the Congregationalists were supreme in New England, the Episcopalians on the seaboard, the Presbyterians in the West, yet the Methodists have surpassed them all. "Theirs was an iron task which none but men of iron soul and iron body could do. They had to possess the spirit of the martyrs, but not of martyrs who could merely suffer, not of martyrs who could oppose only passive endurance to wrong. The pioneer preachers warred against the forces of spiritual evil with the same fiery zeal and energy that they and their fellows showed in the conquest of the rugged continent. They had in them the heroic spirit, the spirit that scorns ease if it must be purchased by failure to do duty, the spirit that courts risk and a life of hard endeavour if the goal to be reached is really worth attaining.

"These men drove forward and fought their way upward to success because their sense of duty was in their hearts, in the very marrow of their bones. I need hardly ask a body like this to remember that the greatness of the fathers becomes to the children a shameful thing if they use it only as an excuse for inaction instead of as a spur to effort for noble aims.

"We must have a lift toward lofty things or we shall be lost, individually and collectively as a nation. Life is not easy, and least of all is it easy for either the man or the nation that aspires to do great deeds. In the century opening the play of the infinitely far-reaching forces and tendencies which go to make up our social system bids fair to be even fiercer in its activity than in the century which has just closed. If during this century the men of high and fine moral sense show themselves weaklings; if they possess only that cloistered virtue which shrinks shuddering from contact with the raw facts of actual life; if they dare not go down into the hurly-burly where the men of might contend for the mastery; if they stand aside from the pressure and conflict; then as surely as the sun rises and sets, all of our great material progress, all the multiplication of the physical agencies which tend for our comfort and enjoyment, will go for naught, and our civilization will become a brutal sham and mockery. If we are to do as I believe we shall and will do, if we are to advance in broad humanity, in kindliness, in the spirit of brotherhood, exactly as we advance in our conquest over the hidden forces of nature, it must be by developing strength in virtue and virtue in strength, by breeding and training men who shall be both good and strong, both gentle and valiant—men who scorn wrong-doing, and who at the same time have both the courage and the strength to strive mightily for the right.

"Wesley said he did not intend to leave all the good tunes to the service of the devil. He accomplished so much for mankind because he also refused to leave the stronger, manlier qualities to be availed of only in the interest of evil. The Church he founded has, throughout its career been a Church for the poor as well as for the rich, and has known no distinction of persons. It has been a Church whose members, if true to the teachings of its founder, have sought for no greater privilege than to spend and be spent in the interest of the higher life; who have prided themselves, not on shirking rough duty, but in undertaking it and carrying it to a successful conclusion.

"I come here to-night to greet you and to pay my tribute to your past because you have deserved well of mankind, because you have striven with strength and courage to bring nearer the day when peace and justice shall obtain among the peoples of the earth."

The President's address was a noble tribute worthy of the occasion, of the audience, of the object, and of the man who uttered it.

How to Celebrate the Bicentenary.

Two main objects should characterize the bicentenary celebration in Canada: First, a revival of that old-time Methodism by which the mighty victories of the past have been achieved—a fresh consecration of "the people called Methodists" to the high ideals which animated the Wesleys—"the spread of scriptural holiness throughout the land." Second, the consecration of the growing wealth of Methodism to the highest objects. We have just passed through a great thanksgiving movement. Many persons have with a considerable degree of self-sacrifice, laid their offerings on God's altar. None, we think, are a whit the poorer, none wish to recall the gift.

It may seem soon to present another great forward movement, but the urgency of the missionary crisis in the great North-West makes this imperative. The thanksgiving fund was largely devoted to payment of church debts and the aid of our colleges. Now is the turn of the great missionary cause. The Church, through its representatives in the General Conference, fully seized of the importance of the crisis, has asked for a bicentenary offering of a quarter of a million dollars for missions in addition to the fifty thousand of an emergency fund already in part contributed.

With the rescue of St. James' Church which is in sight, and the great movements of the last two years, the connexional spirit has been greatly quickened and Canadian Methodism has been worthy of the best traditions of its heroic past. The wealth of the country is increasing even faster than the givings of the Church. If the dry-rot of worldliness is not to destroy its spiritual life it must maintain with its increased ability increased liberality. Toward this idea it has been generously striving and must not cease to strive. So shall be illustrated the wisdom of the ancient rhyme:

> "There was a man, some thought him mad,
> The more he gave away, the more he had."

A third way of wise commemoration is to recall the stirring story of early Methodism in the home land and our own land. This we strive to do by a series of articles in this magazine, and in our Sunday-school papers, which shall recall the heroic deeds of the fathers and founders of the Church we love. May we be worthy descendants of such saintly sires. "Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore."—Ecclesiasticus xliv. 1, 14.

Forward Methodism.

Mr. W. T. Stead is reading a lesson to the English Wesleyans on the right use to make of their new purchase of the Royal Aquarium, which they design making an evangelistic centre. He says:

"The Wesleyans will have to put their best foot foremost if they mean to compensate London for the loss of one of its best-known places of amusement. It was often used as a rendezvous for people who were no better than they should be, but it will be a thousand pities if the Methodists blot out a third-rate centre of recreation, and put nothing in its stead beyond a Wesleyan imitation of the Church House. If they would try the experiment of running a first-class cafe, a decent music-hall, without the drink, a variety show like an improved Dime Museum, where something was constantly going on, and a first-class theatre, they would do much to convince the man on the street that, after all, the Methodists lived up to the standard of their hymn, which says:

> "Religion never was designed
> To make our pleasures less."

Mr. Stead predicts that the church of the future will run a bar-room and a theatre, but some of us conceive there may be a more excellent way of uplifting the masses.

Church Federation.

We are glad to note the organization in Ottawa of a Council of Federated Churches. The objects announced are "To aid in the most economical organization and the most effective direction of the Christian forces of the federated Churches by considering any matters brought before it concerning proposed sites for new church buildings; organized united action of an evangelistic nature; to review the social and moral condition of the aforesaid district, and to secure unity of thought and concerted action on matters of common interest; to prepare the way, by study of the problems involved, for the yet closer union of the denominations."

Such a confederation will focalize

the new spirit of fraternal unity in the Protestant Churches, and give it practical expression. Such federations in the United States have proved greatly helpful. In one case one of the Churches provided funds for the erection of a building in a needy neighbourhood, which should be under the charge of another of the federated Churches—a fine example of Christian unity and fraternity.

A marked recognition of the growth of Methodism is the prominence it is receiving in journals of the Old World and the New. The British Monthly has a special supplement illustrated with many portraits and other engravings of the Wesleys, and scenes connected with their labours. When this great paper wished to procure the best portraits of John, Charles and Susannah Wesley, it sent to Toronto for photos of the splendid portraits painted by our own J. W. L. Forster, the property of the Toronto Methodist Social Union, now in Victoria University. These are finely printed in large size in sepia colours, mounted on dark mats suitable for framing. It is a marked tribute to Mr. Forster's admirable art and something to be proud of that Canadian Methodism possesses the finest group of Wesleyan pictures in existence.

The Retiring Principal of Montreal Theological College.

We all regret very much that Canada is to lose the services of the Rev. Dr. Maggs, the distinguished principal of Montreal Theological College. We are glad that we have had the benefit of them so long. He has given a distinct impulse to theological studies in this Dominion. His visits throughout the country, his ministrations in our cities, and especially his addresses before our colleges, have been an inspiration. His accurate scholarship, his large and sane outlook, his spiritual uplift, have been an unspeakable blessing. His influence will long be felt and his memory be kindly cherished when he himself shall have returned to his own land. We are persuaded, too, that he will carry to that land kindliest memories of the land of his, for us, all too brief sojourn, and thus be another living link between the parent Methodism, "the mother of us all," and her loving daughter in Canada.

Honour to whom Honour is Due.

We are glad to learn from a letter from the Rev. John Lawrence, of Rama, of an instance of an even earlier membership of a Quarterly Board than that of Mr. Jack Hunt in the city of Mexico, mentioned in the March number of this magazine. Mr. Hunt's appointment took place when he was not quite seventeen. Mr. Lawrence states that his son, the Rev. Levi L. Lawrence, now on the Laurel Circuit, when only fifteen years and one month old, was appointed a member of the Quarterly Board and Recording Steward on the Alderville Mission, Bay of Quinte Conference. This, we imagine, beats the record. Mr. L. L. Lawrence was also appointed secretary of the laymen's electoral section of the District Meeting before he reached the age of eighteen, and was repeatedly reappointed to the same office. Well may Brother Lawrence describe himself as the grateful father of such a son. God bless the boys. The time was when the younger members of our Church were kept in the background and in a mild way "sat on." The Epworth League has changed all that. We put them forward, place responsibility upon them, train them for usefulness, and develop them in Christian manhood. "Instead of the fathers shall be the children." Again, God bless the boys.

The Rev. Principal Shaw.

We rejoice greatly that the health of the Rev. Dr. Shaw is so greatly improved that he is enabled to resume the duties of principal which for some years he so successfully discharged. As one of the strongest sons of Canadian Methodism, we are proud of his record, and thank God for his commanding influence. No man carries greater weight in the councils of religious education, and no one is more persona grata in the relations of Methodism to the other Churches of this Dominion.

We are glad to acknowledge our indebtedness for the substance of the article on "Morocco and Its Problems" in our March number to "The Missionary Review of the World," the ablest and most comprehensive missionary periodical with which we are acquainted.

Book Notices.

"The Jewish Encyclopedia." A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish people from the earliest times to the present day. Isidore Singer, Ph.D., projector and managing editor. Complete in twelve volumes. Vol. III. 8vo. Pp. xxii-684. Price, $6.00 per vol. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs.

It is a curious circumstance that the most extensive and complete cyclopedia on all subjects pertaining to Jewish history, literature, customs, and institutions, should be issued by the great publishing house whose conspicuous note is its series of evangelical periodicals and other publications. It is an evidence of enterprise unequalled by any other house that we know. The preparation of this great work involves the collaboration of more than four hundred scholars and specialists, many of whom are of Jewish origin; but eminent Semitic scholarship, from whatever source available, is employed. Professor Rogers, of the Drew Methodist Seminary, Professor Toy, of Harvard University, Professor Bennett, of London, Professor Barton, of Bryn Mawr, and Professor J. F. McCurdy, of Toronto, contribute to its pages, and the whole Board is under the chairmanship of the veteran scholar and editor, the Rev. Dr. Funk.

There are many features of special interest in this volume. The important article on the Bible Canon occupies twenty-seven columns, with a copious bibliography. Biblical editions and exegesis occupy fifty more. Biblical manuscripts and translations occupy twenty more. These are illustrated with numerous fac-similes and exquisite reproductions of illuminated manuscripts. They will be supplemented in later volumes by a paper on paleography.

The narrative of the persecutions of the Jews are a dreadful revelation of human bigotry and cruelty. During the prevalence of the violent pestilence known as the Black Death, which ravaged Europe from 1348-1351, and is said to have carried off nearly half the population, the Jews were accused of poisoning wells and otherwise spreading the plague. At Freiburg all the Jews but twelve of the richest were slain. At Strassburg two thousand more were put to death. At Worms two hundred were burned. At Maintz it is recorded that six thousand were slain in one day, August 22, 1349, and at Erfurt three thousand fell victims to popular superstition and hate. A list of three hundred and fifty towns in central Europe, where the Jews were bitterly persecuted through groundless calumny, is given.

The article on cemeteries gives graphic pictures of the crowded burying places of the Jews in the great centres of Hebrew population. We have a vivid recollection of the densely peopled Jewish cemeteries at Prague and other crowded centres of Jewish population. The article on Censorship is a strange history of bigotry. Numerous illustrations of obliterating passages in priceless Hebrew manuscripts, and a curious one of a page of the first volume of this cyclopedia defaced by the Russian censor as late as 1901, are given. This great work is simply indispensable to the intelligent study of the Jew in history and literature.

"A Doffed Coronet." A True Story. By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 545. Price, net, $2.25.

The previous books by this brilliant writer, "The Tribulations of a Princess" and "The Martyrdom of an Empress," the latter being the tragic story of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, give much interesting information of court life in Austria and other countries with which the author was evidently familiar. In the present vivacious volume we are introduced behind the scenes at a critical period in the recent history of Egypt. The author's husband, a young Englishman, occupied a confidential government position under the British Government, and held intimate relations with the late Khedive. We meet in these pages no end of titled people whose identity is partly concealed by their mysterious initials, among whom may be recognized, as the Marquis of D—— and A——, our late popular Governor-General, Lord Dufferin. The Russian lady, Madame Blavatsky, is described as "the most brilliant, clever, and fas-

cinating impostor of the century," whose pro-Russian intrigues Lord Dufferin thought it worth while to watch. General Gordon and Lord Wolseley and other distinguished actors in the Egyptian drama receive illuminative treatment.

The book is described as a true story. Its main outlines very possibly are, but some of its details seem to us incredible; as for instance, the alleged discovery in the catacombs of Alexandria of the crystal coffin of Alexander the Great. We have ourselves seen in the imperial museum at Constantinople the magnificent sarcophagus which has much better claims as the last resting-place of the world conquerer. The adventure in which the vivacious heroine rescued her groom from a red republican mob in Hyde Park, London, strikes us as immensely exaggerated. We don't remember reading of such a riot, and the heartless and cynical sneers at the unwashed crowd may be aristocratic, but are distinctly inhuman.

The fun begins, however, when miladi loses the bulk of her fortune, and with her husband and brother takes refuge in the United States. The rawness and roughness of the Chicago cattle king and his vulgar wife grate upon her aristocratic nerves. As a great economy they take rooms at $125 a month, and the countess celebrates the event by ordering $52 worth of flowers. But it is hard to believe that even a discounted countess should have the idiocy of ordering seven pounds of meat and five pounds of pepper. Milord, however, cannot find work, so miladi sends a dressing-case which cost $6,000 to pawn for the sum of only $500. They are compelled to take smaller rooms where the countess in intervals of narrow housekeeping does decorative painting and the conquering of refractory horses, for which she has a genius, for a liveryman. But after many trials of serious illness and a heroic operation, all goes well. Some legacies drift in, they rent a farm and again surrounded by dogs and horses, begin life once more. "Be of good cheer, O helmsman, now I see the harbour light."

"Walks in Rome." By Augustus J. C. Hare. Fifteenth edition (revised). Two Vols. London: Geo. Allen. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-248; vi-350. Price, 10s.

The literature of travel has increased enormously, but much of it, the result of a hasty tour, has comparatively little value. Not so the books of Augustus Hare. They are the result of prolonged residence and careful study, and are enriched by copious citations from classical and modern writers in prose and verse that illustrate the varied and fascinating themes of the books. This is especially true of the two handsome volumes on Rome, which The Pall Mall Gazette describes as the best handbook of the city ever published. It is much fuller than either Murray or Baedeker and much more attractive in style. It is simply indispensable to any who wish to derive the fullest possible benefit from a visit to the Seven-Hilled City, "the city of the soul," and "lone mother of dead empires."

An American lady is reported as saying to her daughter, "We were in Rome, weren't we, my dear?" "Why, yes, mother; that's where we got the delicious ice-cream." This is, we suppose, an exaggeration, but there are many who derive little benefit from their visit to Rome because they know so little about it before going there. We strongly commend to such a study of Hare's fascinating volumes. They furnish the key to much that would otherwise be inexplicable. They take up the classic, and mediæval antiquities, the pagan and Christian memories of this world-famous city, and trace their record down the centuries. The temples and palaces, the gardens and villas, the art galleries and museums, all receive illuminating comment and explication.

"Paris." By Augustus J. C. Hare. Second edition (revised). Two Vols. London: George Allen. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 268-290. Price, 6s.

One of the fascinating features of travel in the Old World is the historic associations of almost every town and city. Not merely Rome and Athens, but Paris and London, Vienna and Prague, are seen against a background of hoary antiquity. In traversing the boulevards and avenues of the gayest capital in Europe, we are haunted with historic memories. The past seems more real than the present. The vague figures of the Fronde and Saint Bartholomew, of the Revolution and the Commune, stalk through the streets. In the Place de la Bastille we see the gloomy dungeons of that grim prison. In the broad, gay Place de la Concorde we

see the blood-stained guillotine and witness again the tragedies of the Revolution. From the Tour de l'Horloge we hear again ring out the tocsin of massacre.

The memories of Paris go back to the days of the Cæsars. The Emperor Julian long lived here. The very word "Louvre" recalls the time when the wolves ravined on the banks of the Seine. In the venerable Notre Dame we recall the many pageants of royal marriages and burials, and the strangest of all—the worship of the Goddess of Reason in the Revolution. Many of the buildings still bear the marks of the outrages of the Commune. These memories and many more are recalled in these pages, the historic sites are identified, and art and literature discussed in Mr. Hare's volumes. They are, moreover, enriched with numerous engravings and well indexed. The tourist who has walked the boulevards and parks and visited the shops and galleries may think he has seen Paris, but a whole world of memories remains unknown unless under such guidance as that of Mr. Hare.

"The Conquest of Rome." By Matilde Serao. Author of "The Land of Cockayne," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 317. Price, $1.20 net.

The writer of this book is the daughter of a Greek princess and of a Neapolitan political exile. She was born in Greece in 1856, but has lived long in Italy and understands thoroughly the political and social life of that country. She is described by Edmund Gosse, the famous English critic, as "the most prominent imaginative writer of the last century in Italy." "The Conquest of Rome" describes the political and social career of a brilliant young statesman from one of the southern provinces. In the House of Deputies he takes a profound interest in the social and economic betterment of the people. He protests vigorously against spending millions on national defence and fortifications, on the army and navy, at the cost of taxing beyond endurance the peasant population. One of the most grievous of these burdens is the salt tax. No one may even carry a pail of water from the sea lest he should surreptitiously make salt therefrom. The salt they do use is a coarse quality, fit only for cattle. For lack of this necessary element pellagra and other dreadful diseases prevail among the people.

By dint of hard work the honourable deputy forges to the front and is suggested as a member of the Cabinet. But he comes under the spell of a misplaced and hopeless affection which saps his mental and moral powers, defeats his honourable ambitions, and wrecks his very life. He finds that he has not conquered Rome, but Rome has conquered him. The book is one of subtle mental analysis and tragic interest.

"Christ the Apocalypse." By Rev. James Cooke Seymour. Author of "The Gifts of the Royal Family; or, Systematic Christian Beneficence," etc. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 350. Price, $1.00.

Like a voice from the other world comes this posthumous volume of our friend of many years, whose contributions have often enriched this magazine. We had the pleasure of reading this volume in manuscript and of commending it for publication. Like everything which its author wrote, it is intensely evangelistic. It has all the characteristics of his strong, clear, cogent style—the short, crisp sentences, the lucid thought, the close-linked logic, the fervent zeal. It treats first the great foundation truths of the historic and the divine Christ, the revealer of God's existence and character, of redemption from sin and sanctification through the Holy Spirit.

Of special interest are the chapters dealing with the sociological and other problems of the times—war and its evils, labour and capital, wealth and its uses, the law of giving, literature and the press, science and religion, service and social relations, moral reforms, the Church, the Sabbath, and woman. In all these the eminently sound and sane conclusions of the writer are forcibly set forth. The closing section drops a thought into the future as men drop pebbles into deep wells to see what answer they return. It treats the world's outlook, sin's last evolution, and the final triumph of goodness and grace. The many friends of the late James Cooke Seymour in this land can possess no more beautiful and helpful remembrance of this man of conspicuous literary ability and Christian fervour than this posthumous volume in which, "being dead, he yet speaketh."

FISHERWOMEN ON THE BEACH.